THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.—IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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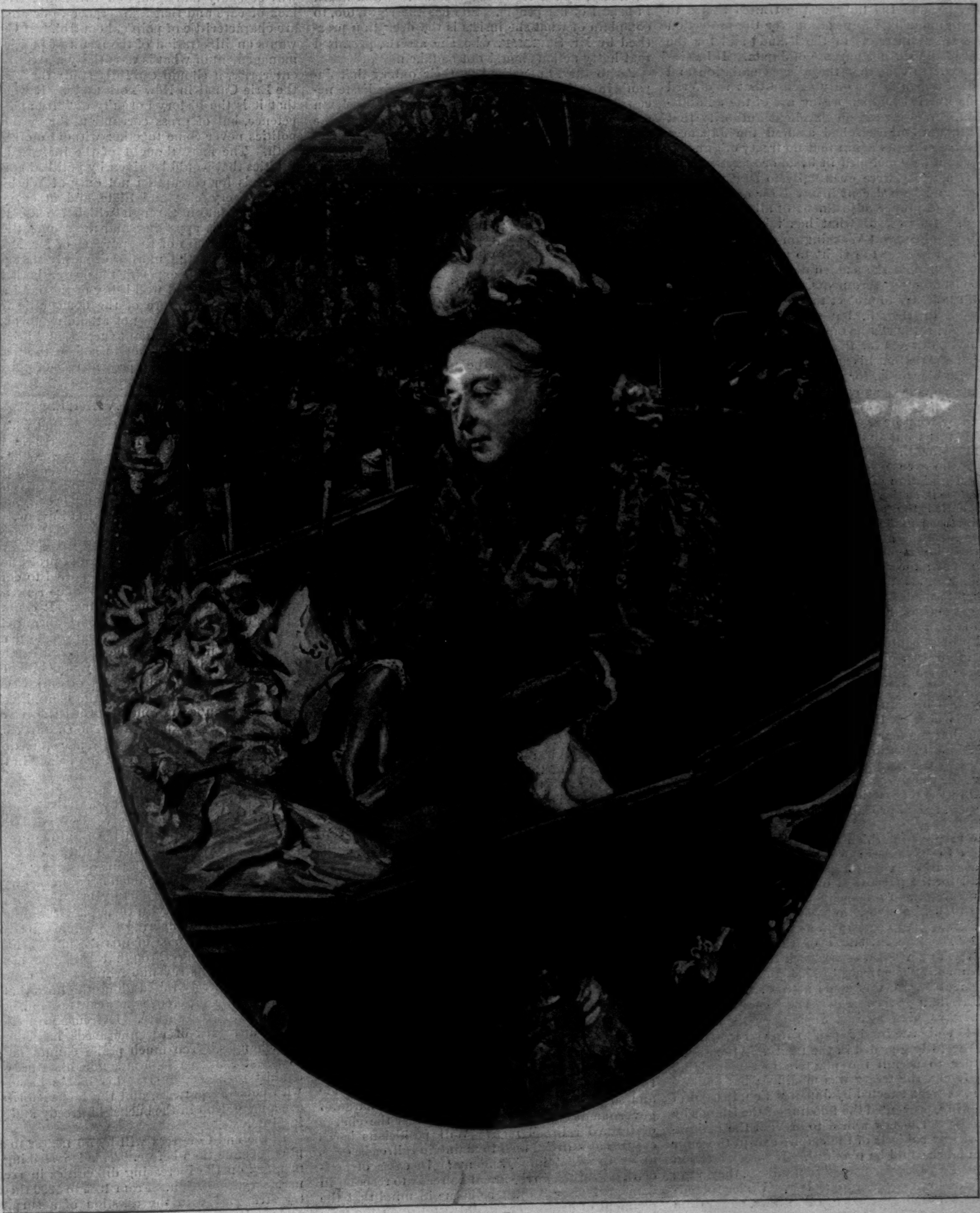

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JAPAN AND THE ANNEXATION TREATY.

THE more the circumstances attending the negotiation of the treaty for the annexation of Hawaii, and the more the deeds and words of those who have forced the administration into hasty action, are examined, the more suspicious appears the scheme. It is well known that the conclusion of the treaty was hastened by the outcry that Japan was preparing to take the islands, and that therefore it became the duty of the United States to agree to immediate annexation, for the protection of American interests in the islands and for the defeat of the sinister purpose of Japan. It has indeed come to this, that the alleged ambition and greed of Japan is the only excuse that is offered for the hurried and surprising act of the administration. We have it on excellent authority that Mr. SHERMAN himself had assured the Japanese minister again and again that no treaty of annexation would be concluded in haste or secretly; that if such a treaty were eventually to be concluded, there would be a decent interval for consultation and for the proper adjustment of all interests involved. In view of what has taken place, the Japanese minister at Washington and his government seem to have the right to protest vigorously not only against the sudden determination of the two contracting governments, and against the failure of the treaty to protect the vested rights of the Japanese in Hawaii, but against the deception which Mr. SHERMAN has apparently practised. It will not do to answer that Mr. SHERMAN's mind is in such a state that his acts are quite likely to conflict with his words, for Mr. SHERMAN has been deliberately made the government's representative in transactions with foreign powers, and we must be bound by what he says as well as by what he does.

If it turns out that Japan was actually not intriguing for the islands, or contemplating their seizure, no excuse whatever can be offered for the hasty negotiation of this treaty. The government has before it, as the world knows, a paper which has been called the protest of Japan. That paper has not been made public at the time of writing, but we have the highest assurance that it contains no threat, but is merely a plain statement of facts, which, when known, will necessarily confound the scheming annexationists, who have been crying out that the "Japanese are coming," for the purpose of rushing the United States into concluding the treaty which is now pending before the Senate. The so-called protest contains an assurance, that has been given more than once, that Japan has no designs whatever upon the integrity of the Hawaiian government. Mr. SHERMAN had received these assurances when he signed the treaty, and if our information is correct, the administration must have known that the fear of a Japanese invasion was a mendacious invention worked up in Hawaii, and repeated by the Hawaiian representatives at Washington, for the purpose of sustaining what all concerned in the transaction evidently believed would be surprising and probably unpopular in the United States.

The manner in which the feeling against Japan appears to have been worked up is interesting. The accusation is that Japan has been colonizing Hawaii for the purpose of overrunning the islands and making them an appanage. The truth is asserted to be, however, that Japan did not initiate what has come to be known as the work of "colonization." The initiation of the emigration of Japanese to Hawaii was the work of the Hawaiian government. The treaty of 1886, under which this movement began, was made at the solicitation of the Hawaiian government. The "coolie" system has always been against Japanese policy. The right to emigrate from Japan to Hawaii was, therefore, carefully guarded in the treaty. Afterwards, in order to permit the planters to obtain labor more freely, the treaty was modified; but emigration laws were enacted by Japan which, instead of promoting, prevented the flooding of the islands by Japanese. The law aimed to prevent the emigration of any subjects of the empire except those for whom labor could be obtained. If the emigration companies took over excessive numbers, they were subjected to heavy pecuniary loss. Under this arrangement, and guarded by these laws, emigration went on until last February, when suddenly the Hawaiian government refused to permit some Japanese to land, although, as the Japanese government claims, the emigrants came precisely as others before them had come. Claims for damages were made at once, but pending the negotiation, the cry was raised that the Japanese had hostile intentions against the islands, and the hasty conclusion of the treaty followed.

This is the case for Japan as we have it on the highest authority, and it is a case which is full of difficulties for the annexationists. So far as Japan is concerned, the treaty puts an end to the claims for damages made by her citizens who were refused a landing, and which was in the process of diplomatic settlement when the administration changed its mind. The continuing responsibilities to Japan which the present Hawaiian government has assumed will come to an end, and certain rights now enjoyed by Japanese in the islands will be terminated. Under these circumstances Japan has certainly the right to expect notice of the intended treaty, and a right to be consulted and heard in behalf of her people. She has the right, too, to complain of what she insists is the deception practised by Mr. SHERMAN, who, she asserts, promised that hasty action should not be taken.

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SENATOR MORGAN insists that the Union Pacific property shall not be sacrificed "for the paltry sum of $26,000,000." Very few people will understand precisely what Mr. MORGAN is driving at. Fewer still will know the method by which he reaches the "sacrificial" sum of $26,000,000. It is probably the intention of the committee of which Mr. MORGAN is a member to prevent the consummation of the agreement which was made last January, in pursuance of which the government's relations with the Union Pacific and the Kansas Pacific were to be brought to an end, the roads were to be foreclosed, and the government was to receive for its liens at least $45,754,000.

As soon as this agreement was made public the advocates of the government ownership of railroads raised the point that the agreement was void on account of some alleged disregard of the mutual interests of the government and the holders of prior liens. The Senate committee of which Mr. MORGAN is a member, and of which Mr. HARRIS of Kansas is chairman, reports now in favor of the payment of the paramount liens and charges out of the Treasury, and the suspension of further proceedings under the agreement until Congress shall take further action.

This is apparently the beginning of a movement in behalf of state ownership. It is a dangerous movement, notwithstanding the fact that Senator MORGAN appears as its champion, for, while his opposition might be regarded simply as MORGAN'S, the whole power of the socialistic forces is behind the scheme to force the government into the railroad business. It is because it is the ultimate purpose of the makers of this report to urge that the government shall own and operate the land-grant roads that they now urge the redemption by the government of prior liens. This would give the United States practical ownership, for it would, of course, be followed by a foreclosure which would doubtless demonstrate that the stockholders have no interest, and that the owner of all the liens must sacrifice the property or bid it in.

Is the country prepared to see the government enter into the railroad business? All who travel and send freight over railroads have a direct interest in this question. Do they think that the kind of management and administration which would result if Congress and government officers had control of the roads would make their journeys so safe and so agreeable as those which they enjoy under private management? Do they think that their merchandise would be so safe and so promptly delivered if it were in charge of government officials as it is now under the charge of trained railroad men? Will politicians be as capable as railroad men to maintain railroads, or as quick to adopt improvements? In cases of accident, would the government be ready to respond in damages? For it must be borne in mind that the payment of damages would depend upon the willingness of Congress to pass appropriation bills.

These are a few of the practical questions that suggest themselves when the question of state ownership is presented. The condition of most of the railroads in Europe over which the state has a full or partial control is not reassuring, nor are the excursions of our own government into business enterprises. The government is such a failure as a banker that its currency is not only a patch-work of feeble devices invented to meet political conditions, but it is subject to an assault at any moment which will reduce its value to the market value of the silver dollar. It carries on the post-office business not only at a loss, but with an almost total disregard of improvements and conveniences which are enjoyed by the people of the larger cities of Europe. There is no human organization so ill calculated to conduct a modern business enterprise as a democracy, and if the government be finally forced into the ownership and management of railroads, the burdens of the taxpayers will be increased, while the roads themselves will be badly managed, and will suffer from that lack of care and that indifference to details which are characteristic of political control. If Congress wants an illustration of the result of political mismanagement of what is essentially a great business enterprise, it should carefully study the history of the Erie Canal in New York State. It would find that it is the history not only of folly and incompetence, but of gross corruption, for business and politics never come together without moral loss to both. The mere thought of the increased opportunities that would be given by political control of railroads for corruption not only at Washington, but in every city and State, and at every little way-side station through which a state railroad would pass, is appalling, and the sooner the country is fully aware of the purpose of Mr. MORGAN'S associates, and the more thoroughly that purpose is discussed and exposed, the better both for the material and moral well-being of the land and for the immediate future of the democratic form of government. We are not attending to our business in hand with brilliant success, and it behooves us to be very careful not to add to the tasks and the opportunities of our present race of politicians.

AS TO REVENUE.

SIX months ago the one cry was that with a revenue sufficient to meet its expenditures the national Treasury would be beyond danger, the public unrest would be stilled, and the advent of prosperity would be assured. To accomplish this end Congress was to act with force and brevity, and the special session had no other object in view. What has been the result?

A House measure was hastily passed, and was notoriously the highest measure of protection ever submitted to Congress. It purported to contain a scheme of duties that would produce a revenue of $273,501,000 a year from customs. It contained a clause intended to prevent imports in anticipation of the new tariff—a clause that led to a marked disturbance in trade by the supposed necessity of getting goods into the country and out of warehouse before the higher rates of duties could be applied. No one believed in the committee's estimate of revenue; no one regarded the retroactive clause as just or expedient. The DINGLEY bill was condemned because of its extreme protection, and of its inability to make good the deficit in the national income.

Then came the Senate measure, more moderate in rates, and accompanied by a full confession of the failure of protection to give the needed revenue. Protection was maintained, but revenue was sought for outside of the customs—in duties on beer, tea, and tobacco. Even with this outside resource, the framers of the bill could not count upon a surplus revenue, and so closely had they estimated that no revenue duty in their plan could be sacrificed without endangering the whole remedy to be secured. In the face of this solemn warning the measure in going through the Senate has been robbed of all its revenue features, and rates have been so recklessly raised along the lines that there is very little difference between the finished bill and the House measure. Extreme protection, in entire disregard of revenue needs, has controlled the changes. Too much praise cannot be given to Senator JAMES K. JONES for his sturdy fight against great odds. But his labors have ended with entering protests, and the few victories won are a mere drop in the bucket of greedy and grasping interests.

In the end Congress will be no nearer to a surplus revenue than before. This is a striking commentary on the increasing difficulties in securing necessary legislation. From 1865 to 1890 the country struggled with the question of a surplus income. It was a period of debt reduction, of tax repeal, and finally of extravagant appropriations.

Since 1890 the scene has changed, and the approaching deficit from that year gave warning of a needed change in policy. Seven years ought to be sufficient for this, but the country is as far from having made the first steps in this change as it was in 1890. Where is the needed revenue to come from?

WEYLER'S CONCENTRATION ORDER.

IN the issue of the **WEEKLY** of May 29 last appeared an article by Mr. **STEPHEN BONSAL**, entitled "Starvation in Cuba." This article was, as will be remembered by our readers, a strong and impressive account of the sufferings of the people who have been "concentrated" in pursuance of General **WEYLER'S** order of last autumn. The story was of starvation and disease, the consequences of a barbarous order barbarously executed.

Since Mr. **BONSAL'S** article first appeared, more than a month ago, we have received much evidence of its accuracy and its fairness. One United States consul writes: "The effect of General **WEYLER'S** barbarous and inhuman concentration bando [proclamation] is not overdrawn, but rather mildly given. The incidents graphically related as taking place in Matanzas.... are but a small fractional part of the atrocities committed by Spanish troops in the past, and still daily continued."

Other utterances are equally strong, and the impression that is left by them upon a fair mind must be that **WEYLER** and the Spanish government are not carrying on civilized warfare against the Cuban insurgents, but are trying to hold the island by means of brutalities and cruelties that for years, if not for generations, have been unheard of in warfare between civilized nations. Indeed, we do not recall any people of our time who have been guilty of such outrages as are charged against the Spaniards in their dealings with the Cubans, except the Turks and some African, Asiatic, and North American savages.

In view of the reports which we have read from American consuls, it is not surprising that among General **WOODFORD'S** instructions is the direction that his first duty shall be "to secure relief for the pacificos in Cuba—those persons who, not having taken up arms, have been compelled to concentrate in the cities and towns by order of Captain-General **WEYLER**. A demand," it is reported, "will be made for the revocation of his order, which is regarded as so painfully inhuman as fully to warrant this demand by the United States."

OHIO POLITICS.

THE politics of the "October States" used to be recognized, while yet there were October States, as especially and literally demoralized. Evidently the quadrennial influx of foreign money in large quantities and the singular class of almoners raised up to distribute it were calculated to stimulate politics as a trade. It seems that the effect has outlasted the cause—at least in Ohio. Certainly it is necessary to assume that some special causes have been at work to produce the political results that we see in Ohio. A commonwealth that is socially and morally a fair average of the country, as it is geographically central to the populous parts of it, could not have arrived politically at the state of things indicated by the unopposed election of Mr. **HANNA** to the Senate without the operation of such causes.

Mr. **HANNA** is very likely more eligible to the sort of club which Senators have been trying to make of the Senate than some of his predecessors. But it would be quite absurd to pretend that he is of Senatorial quality, or that he has the kind of talents and the kind of experience that fit him to do useful public service as a Senator. No citizen of Ohio would have thought of him as a Senator if he had not thought very hard of himself in that capacity. The colleague whom he is about to join may not impress the public as a Senator of weight or dignity, but only as a very pushing politician. He might even be described as a reckless demagogue. But Mr. **FORAKER** has at least "served up to" the Senate by the only arts he knows, which are the arts of pushing politicians everywhere. Mr. **HANNA**, on the other hand, has taken a fancy to a seat in the Senate as he might have taken a fancy to a steam-yacht, and has proceeded to gratify it in much the same way. It is true that he qualified by making one appearance in politics and showing that he could "run a campaign." But the series of dickers by which he has succeeded in conciliating possible rivals, and securing his object at last unopposed, seems to cover with something that is not credit almost every conspicuous Republican in the State of Ohio. To characterize the whole arrangement it is needful only to point to the fact that one of its details was to "make a place" for ex-Senator **SHERMAN** as Secretary of State at a time when our foreign affairs are in a very delicate condition, and need the best attention of a statesman in the prime of his power who has given them especial study.

Not that the other party is in a condition at all more promising. The latest Democratic Senator from Ohio was Mr. **CALVIN BRICE**, and the leadership of the Democratic party is in dispute between him and Mr. **JOHN R. McLEAN**. One does not turn with much hope from contemplating the result of the negotiations of the **HANNAS** and **BUSHNELLS** and **FORAKERS** to either horn of the Democratic dilemma. The political demoralization pervades both parties quite impartially. The conclusion of the disinterested spectator respecting the State of Ohio must be that which Hamlet drew from "the state of Denmark."

SOME QUESTIONS CONCERNING HAWAII.

THERE are various theories afloat as to what the "urgent political necessity" was that impelled the administration to submit to the Senate a treaty for the annexation of Hawaii. But there can hardly be two opinions about the fact that the incorporation in our political system of a territory 2000 miles distant from our shores, situated in tropical latitudes, and inhabited by a mixed population overwhelmingly Asiatic, will be a radical departure from the traditional policy of this republic, which until now has been generally believed to be natural, wise, and safe. The consummation of that departure still requires the confirmation of the treaty by the Senate. Before a matter of such incalculable importance to the American people is irrevocably decided for weal or woe, the people have a clear right to demand of the promoters of this scheme of annexation plain answers to certain pertinent questions. Among these questions should be the following:

The population of the Hawaiian Islands consists approximately of 37,000 full-blooded Hawaiians, 10,000 part Hawaiians, 15,000 Chinese, 24,000 Japanese, 9000 Portuguese, about 2000 Americans, 1500 Englishmen, 1200 Germans, and several thousand other Europeans of different origin. How many of this population are known to be in favor of annexing Hawaii to the United States? Is it not eminently probable that the feeling in favor of annexation is confined mainly to the Americans, who are about one-fiftieth part of the population, and to a comparatively small number of people under their immediate influence?

Considering that Hawaii originally belonged to the natives, and that until a few years ago they had a regularly organized government of their own, of which they were deprived by a sudden revolution carried out mainly by foreigners or people of foreign descent, should not, in justice, those natives have a voice as to the transfer of that country to a foreign sovereignty?

The report of the Secretary of State accompanying the treaty admits in terms that in 1893 the native government was overturned by an "abrupt" revolutionary movement; but it affirms that the provisional government then set up for the purpose of bringing about the annexation of Hawaii to the United States has been superseded by a government established under a constitution, with "an elective and parliamentary régime," which has been recognized by foreign nations, has maintained itself in power these four years, and must therefore be considered as competent to make a treaty transferring the sovereignty of the country. Admitting this to be true, is it or is it not also true that the constitution was made substantially by the same combination of persons that had usurped the government by an "abrupt" revolutionary act, and that the "elective and parliamentary régime" is based upon property and educational qualifications, restricting the right to vote and to sit in the legislature in such a way as practically to exclude the great mass of the population from participation in the government, and to make the government not a republic in our sense, but virtually an oligarchy, holding the majority of the people in subjection? Is it or is it not true that thus the present Hawaiian government is the direct offspring of the revolutionary usurpation, that it mainly consists of the same persons who led that revolutionary movement, and is therefore virtually identical with it? And as that revolutionary usurpation was notoriously accomplished with the lawless aid of officers and forces of this republic, is it or is it not true that if the United States accept from the hands of such a government the sovereignty of Hawaii, they virtually take advantage of a wrong committed by their own officers? Even if such acceptance were correct in point of form, would it be morally right? Would it not, in fact, be aggrandizement by wrongful aggression which we should be ashamed of, especially as we are apt to be very virtuous in denouncing such things when done by "land-grabbing" Great Britain? Will not this state of the case at least furnish an additional reason—a reason amounting to a moral obligation—for making the annexation dependent upon the fairly ascertained assent of the people of Hawaii?

These are questions of conscience an answer to which a decent and self-respecting people will demand. But even if we were capable of throwing all moral considerations aside and of brutally taking the ground that when we can get "a good thing" Hawaiians have no rights which Americans are bound to respect, still there are questions of interest upon which the American people are clearly entitled to some light before a step of such tremendous importance is taken.

Would the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands really be "a good thing"?

The President's message and the report of the Secretary of State, while giving us much on the diplomatic history of the case, have not a word to say as to whether and how this annexation will be of substantial benefit to the American people. The question is therefore in order, will there be such benefits, what will they *specifically* consist in, and to whom will they accrue? In answering these questions the advocates of the annexation scheme should not be permitted to get off with vague generalities about expanding our commerce and the like. They should be held to point out precisely what new channels of commerce and what new fields of production will be opened, and especially whether, if there be such new channels of commerce or fields of production, they could not be opened to equal advantage without burdening the United States with political responsibility for a group of islands two thousand miles away, with such a population laboring under such climatic influences.

We hear much in these days about the lowering of our standard of citizenship by undesirable immigration from Russia and from southern and southeastern Europe. How will it affect the standard of American citizenship if we embody in it a territory a large majority of the inhabitants of which are Asiatics, and the white population of which is largely Portuguese, coming from one of those corners of Europe immigration from which makes many of our people so nervous? Is it likely that the character of the population of Hawaii will very materially change for the better after annexation? Why has it not so changed since the overthrowing of the Hawaiian government in 1893, immigration being free? Have not the climatic conditions of Hawaii something to do with it? Can we ever expect people of the Germanic race to become there dominant not only in power but also in numbers? And is it not necessary that they should be dominant in numbers to form not only a government, but also a democratic commonwealth fitting into our constitutional system?

Secretary **SHERMAN** recognizes this trouble in saying that he wishes Hawaii to remain a Territory and never to become a State. A Territory that is never to become a State will not be an inchoate commonwealth prospectively self-governing as to its local concerns, but a sort of satrapy to be permanently under the rule of the central power. How does that accord with our constitutional principles of popular government?

But is it not probable, Secretary **SHERMAN'S** wishes to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Territory of Hawaii, in spite of the character of its population, would some time, owing to some party exigency, be precipitated as a State into the Union? Have not similar things been done before? And would not then the people of the State of Hawaii, such as they are, not only have to govern themselves locally, but also, through their Senators and Representatives in Congress and through their electoral vote, take part in governing the rest of us in this Union?

Is it not eminently probable, nay, is it not certain, that when we have once cut loose from our conservative traditional policy and are actually launched on the course of indiscriminate aggrandizement, other annexations of a similar character will come after this? Will not that involve the addition to our citizenship of more and more questionable populations, mostly tropical, which, however unfit to govern themselves, will be intrusted with power to participate in governing the United States? And what will be the effect upon the character and the future of the republic?

These are some of the questions—more are to follow—which the advocates of the Hawaii annexation scheme should be held to answer. Nobody will deny that these questions are pertinent, and that the American people are entitled to the fullest light on the points involved. CARL SCHURZ.

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This is apparently the beginning of a movement in behalf of state ownership. It is a dangerous movement, notwithstanding the fact that Senator MORGAN appears as its champion, for, while his opposition might be regarded simply as MORGAN'S, the whole power of the socialistic forces is behind the scheme to force the government into the railroad business. It is because it is the ultimate purpose of the makers of this report to urge that the government shall own and operate the land-grant roads that they now urge the redemption by the government of prior liens. This would give the United States practical ownership, for it would, of course, be followed by a foreclosure which would doubtless demonstrate that the stockholders have no interest, and that the owner of all the liens must sacrifice the property or bid it in.

Is the country prepared to see the government enter into the railroad business? All who travel and send freight over railroads have a direct interest in this question. Do they think that the kind of management and administration which would result if Congress and government officers had control of the roads would make their journeys so safe and so agreeable as those which they enjoy under private management? Do they think that their merchandise would be so safe and so promptly delivered if it were in charge of government officials as it is now under the charge of trained railroad men? Will politicians be as capable as railroad men to maintain railroads, or as quick to adopt improvements? In cases of accident, would the government be ready to respond in damages? For it must be borne in mind that the payment of damages would depend upon the willingness of Congress to pass appropriation bills.

These are a few of the practical questions that suggest themselves when the question of state ownership is presented. The condition of most of the railroads in Europe over which the state has a full or partial control is not reassuring, nor are the excursions of our own government into business enterprises. The government is such a failure as a banker that its currency is not only a patch-work of feeble devices invented to meet political conditions, but it is subject to an assault at any moment which will reduce its value to the market value of the silver dollar. It carries on the post-office business not only at a loss, but with an almost total disregard of improvements and conveniences which are enjoyed by the people of the larger cities of Europe. There is no human organization so ill calculated to conduct a modern business enterprise as a democracy, and if the government be finally forced into the ownership and management of railroads, the burdens of the tax-payers will be increased, while the roads themselves will be badly managed, and will suffer from that lack of care and that indifference to details which are characteristic of political control. If Congress wants an illustration of the result of political mismanagement of what is essentially a great business enterprise, it should carefully study the history of the Erie Canal in New York State. It would find that it is the history not only of folly and incompetence, but of gross corruption, for business and politics never come together without moral loss to both. The mere thought of the increased opportunities that would be given by political control of railroads for corruption not only at Washington, but in every city and State, and at every little way-side station through which a state railroad would pass, is appalling, and the sooner the country is fully aware of the purpose of Mr. MORGAN'S associates, and the more thoroughly that purpose is discussed and exposed, the better both for the material and moral well-being of the land and for the immediate future of the democratic form of government. We are not attending to our business in hand with brilliant success, and it behooves us to be very careful not to add to the tasks and the opportunities of our present race of politicians.

AS TO REVENUE.

SIX months ago the one cry was that with a revenue sufficient to meet its expenditures the national Treasury would be beyond danger, the public unrest would be stilled, and the advent of prosperity would be assured. To accomplish this end Congress was to act with force and brevity, and the special session had no other object in view. What has been the result?

A House measure was hastily passed, and was notoriously the highest measure of protection ever submitted to Congress. It purported to contain a scheme of duties that would produce a revenue of $273,501,000 a year from customs. It contained a clause intended to prevent imports in anticipation of the new tariff—a clause that led to a marked disturbance in trade by the supposed necessity of getting goods into the country and out of warehouse before the higher rates of duties could be applied. No one believed in the committee's estimate of revenue; no one regarded the retroactive clause as just or expedient. The DINGLEY bill was condemned because of its extreme protection, and of its inability to make good the deficit in the national income.

Then came the Senate measure, more moderate in rates, and accompanied by a full confession of the failure of protection to give the needed revenue. Protection was maintained, but revenue was sought for outside of the customs—in duties on beer, tea, and tobacco. Even with this outside resource, the framers of the bill could not count upon a surplus revenue, and so closely had they estimated that no revenue duty in their plan could be sacrificed without endangering the whole remedy to be secured. In the face of this solemn warning the measure in going through the Senate has been robbed of all its revenue features, and rates have been so recklessly raised along the lines that there is very little difference between the finished bill and the House measure. Extreme protection, in entire disregard of revenue needs, has controlled the changes. Too much praise cannot be given to Senator JAMES K. JONES for his sturdy fight against great odds. But his labors have ended with entering protests, and the few victories won are a mere drop in the bucket of greedy and grasping interests.

In the end Congress will be no nearer to a surplus revenue than before. This is a striking commentary on the increasing difficulties in securing necessary legislation. From 1865 to 1890 the country struggled with the question of a surplus income. It was a period of debt reduction, of tax repeal, and finally of extravagant appropriations.

Since 1890 the scene has changed, and the approaching deficit from that year gave warning of a needed change in policy. Seven years ought to be sufficient for this, but the country is as far from having made the first steps in this change as it was in 1890. Where is the needed revenue to come from?

WEYLER'S CONCENTRATION ORDER.

IN the issue of the WEEKLY of May 29 last appeared an article by Mr. STEPHEN BONSAL, entitled "Starvation in Cuba." This article was, as will be remembered by our readers, a strong and impressive account of the sufferings of the people who have been "concentrated" in pursuance of General WEYLER'S order of last autumn. The story was of starvation and disease, the consequences of a barbarous order barbarously executed.

Since Mr. BONSAL'S article first appeared, more than a month ago, we have received much evidence of its accuracy and its fairness. One United States consul writes: "The effect of General WEYLER'S barbarous and inhuman concentration bando [proclamation] is not overdrawn, but rather mildly given. The incidents graphically related as taking place in Matanzas.... are but a small fractional part of the atrocities committed by Spanish troops in the past, and still daily continued."

Other utterances are equally strong, and the impression that is left by them upon a fair mind must be that WEYLER and the Spanish government are not carrying on civilized warfare against the Cuban insurgents, but are trying to hold the island by means of brutalities and cruelties that for years, if not for generations, have been unheard of in warfare between civilized nations. Indeed, we do not recall any people of our time who have been guilty of such outrages as are charged against the Spaniards in their dealings with the Cubans, except the Turks and some African, Asiatic, and North American savages.

In view of the reports which we have read from American consuls, it is not surprising that among General WOODFORD'S instructions is the direction that his first duty shall be "to secure relief for the pacificos in Cuba—those persons who, not having taken up arms, have been compelled to concentrate in the cities and towns by order of Captain-General WEYLER. A demand," it is reported, "will be made for the revocation of his order, which is regarded as so painfully inhuman as fully to warrant this demand by the United States."

OHIO POLITICS.

THE politics of the "October States" used to be recognized, while yet there were October States, as especially and literally demoralized. Evidently the quadrennial influx of foreign money in large quantities and the singular class of almoners raised up to distribute it were calculated to stimulate politics as a trade. It seems that the effect has outlasted the cause—at least in Ohio. Certainly it is necessary to assume that some special causes have been at work to produce the political results that we see in Ohio. A commonwealth that is socially and morally a fair average of the country, as it is geographically central to the populous parts of it, could not have arrived politically at the state of things indicated by the unopposed election of Mr. HANNA to the Senate without the operation of such causes.

Mr. HANNA is very likely more eligible to the sort of club which Senators have been trying to make of the Senate than some of his predecessors. But it would be quite absurd to pretend that he is of Senatorial quality, or that he has the kind of talents and the kind of experience that fit him to do useful public service as a Senator. No citizen of Ohio would have thought of him as a Senator if he had not thought very hard of himself in that capacity. The colleague whom he is about to join may not impress the public as a Senator of weight or dignity, but only as a very pushing politician. He might even be described as a reckless demagogue. But Mr. FORAKER has at least "served up to" the Senate by the only arts he knows, which are the arts of pushing politicians everywhere. Mr. HANNA, on the other hand, has taken a fancy to a seat in the Senate as he might have taken a fancy to a steam-yacht, and has proceeded to gratify it in much the same way. It is true that he qualified by making one appearance in politics and showing that he could "run a campaign." But the series of dickers by which he has succeeded in conciliating possible rivals, and securing his object at last unopposed, seems to cover with something that is not credit almost every conspicuous Republican in the State of Ohio. To characterize the whole arrangement it is needful only to point to the fact that one of its details was to "make a place" for ex-Senator SHERMAN as Secretary of State at a time when our foreign affairs are in a very delicate condition, and need the best attention of a statesman in the prime of his power who has given them especial study.

Not that the other party is in a condition at all more promising. The latest Democratic Senator from Ohio was Mr. CALVIN BRICE, and the leadership of the Democratic party is in dispute between him and Mr. JOHN R. MCLEAN. One does not turn with much hope from contemplating the result of the negotiations of the HANNAS and BUSHNELLS and FORAKERS to either horn of the Democratic dilemma. The political demoralization pervades both parties quite impartially. The conclusion of the disinterested spectator respecting the State of Ohio must be that which Hamlet drew from "the state of Denmark."

SOME QUESTIONS CONCERNING HAWAII.

THERE are various theories afloat as to what the "urgent political necessity" was that impelled the administration to submit to the Senate a treaty for the annexation of Hawaii. But there can hardly be two opinions about the fact that the incorporation in our political system of a territory 2000 miles distant from our shores, situated in tropical latitudes, and inhabited by a mixed population overwhelmingly Asiatic, will be a radical departure from the traditional policy of this republic, which until now has been generally believed to be natural, wise, and safe. The consummation of that departure still requires the confirmation of the treaty by the Senate. Before a matter of such incalculable importance to the American people is irrevocably decided for weal or woe, the people have a clear right to demand of the promoters of this scheme of annexation plain answers to certain pertinent questions. Among these questions should be the following:

The population of the Hawaiian Islands consists approximately of 37,000 full-blooded Hawaiians, 10,000 part Hawaiians, 15,000 Chinese, 24,000 Japanese, 9000 Portuguese, about 2000 Americans, 1500 Englishmen, 1200 Germans, and several thousand other Europeans of different origin. How many of this population are known to be in favor of annexing Hawaii to the United States? Is it not eminently probable that the feeling in favor of annexation is confined mainly to the Americans, who are about one-fiftieth part of the population, and to a comparatively small number of people under their immediate influence?

Considering that Hawaii originally belonged to the natives, and that until a few years ago they had a regularly organized government of their own, of which they were deprived by a sudden revolution carried out mainly by foreigners or people of foreign descent, should not, in justice, those natives have a voice as to the transfer of that country to a foreign sovereignty?

The report of the Secretary of State accompanying the treaty admits in terms that in 1893 the native government was overturned by an "abrupt" revolutionary movement; but it affirms that the provisional government then set up for the purpose of bringing about the annexation of Hawaii to the United States has been superseded by a government established under a constitution, with "an elective and parliamentary régime," which has been recognized by foreign nations, has maintained itself in power these four years, and must therefore be considered as competent to make a treaty transferring the sovereignty of the country. Admitting this to be true, is it or is it not also true that the constitution was made substantially by the same combination of persons that had usurped the government by an "abrupt" revolutionary act, and that the "elective and parliamentary régime" is based upon property and educational qualifications, restricting the right to vote and to sit in the legislature in such a way as practically to exclude the great mass of the population from participation in the government, and to make the government not a republic in our sense, but virtually an oligarchy, holding the majority of the people in subjection? Is it or is it not true that thus the present Hawaiian government is the direct offspring of the revolutionary usurpation, that it mainly consists of the same persons who led that revolutionary movement, and is therefore virtually identical with it? And as that revolutionary usurpation was notoriously accomplished with the lawless aid of officers and forces of this republic, is it or is it not true that if the United States accept from the hands of such a government the sovereignty of Hawaii, they virtually take advantage of a wrong committed by their own officers? Even if such acceptance were correct in point of form, would it be morally right? Would it not, in fact, be aggrandizement by wrongful aggression which we should be ashamed of, especially as we are apt to be very virtuous in denouncing such things when done by "land-grabbing" Great Britain? Will not this state of the case at least furnish an additional reason—a reason amounting to a moral obligation—for making the annexation dependent upon the fairly ascertained assent of the people of Hawaii?

These are questions of conscience an answer to which a decent and self-respecting people will demand. But even if we were capable of throwing all moral considerations aside and of brutally taking the ground that when we can get "a good thing" Hawaiians have no rights which Americans are bound to respect, still there are questions of interest upon which the American people are clearly entitled to some light before a step of such tremendous importance is taken.

Would the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands really be "a good thing"?

The President's message and the report of the Secretary of State, while giving us much on the diplomatic history of the case, have not a word to say as to whether and how this annexation will be of substantial benefit to the American people. The question is therefore in order, will there be such benefits, what will they *specifically* consist in, and to whom will they accrue? In answering these questions the advocates of the annexation scheme should not be permitted to get off with vague generalities about expanding our commerce and the like. They should be held to point out precisely what new channels of commerce and what new fields of production will be opened, and especially whether, if there be such new channels of commerce or fields of production, they could not be opened to equal advantage without burdening the United States with political responsibility for a group of islands two thousand miles away, with such a population laboring under such climatic influences.

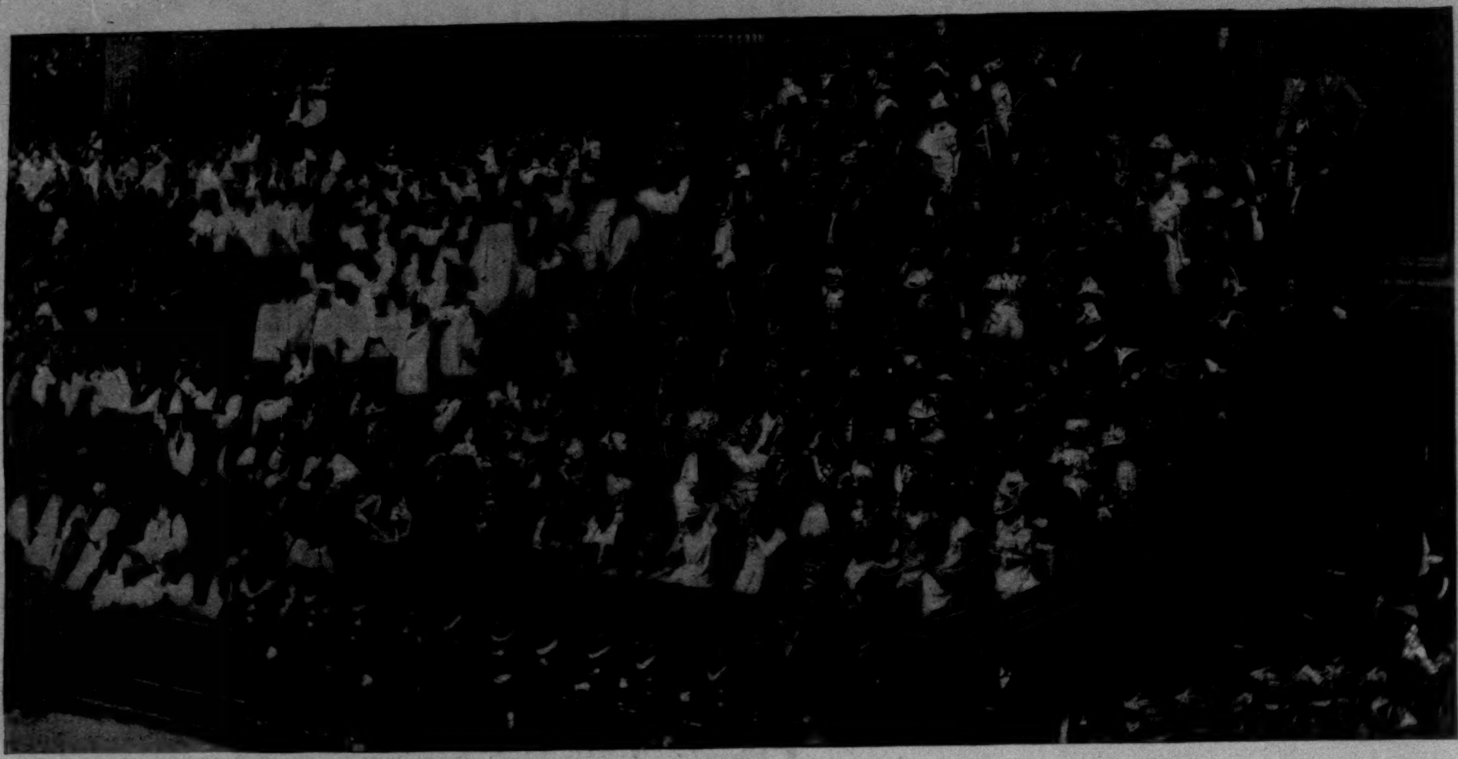
We hear much in these days about the lowering of our standard of citizenship by undesirable immigration from Russia and from southern and southeastern Europe. How will it affect the standard of American citizenship if we embody in it a territory a large majority of the inhabitants of which are Asiatics, and the white population of which is largely Portuguese, coming from one of those corners of Europe immigration from which makes many of our people so nervous? Is it likely that the character of the population of Hawaii will very materially change for the better after annexation? Why has it not so changed since the overthrowing of the Hawaiian government in 1893, immigration being free? Have not the climatic conditions of Hawaii something to do with it? Can we ever expect people of the Germanic race to become there dominant not only in power but also in numbers? And is it not necessary that they should be dominant in numbers to form not only a government, but also a democratic commonwealth fitting into our constitutional system?

Secretary SHERMAN recognizes this trouble in saying that he wishes Hawaii to remain a Territory and never to become a State. A Territory that is never to become a State will not be an inchoate commonwealth prospectively self-governing as to its local concerns, but a sort of satrapy to be permanently under the rule of the central power. How does that accord with our constitutional principles of popular government?

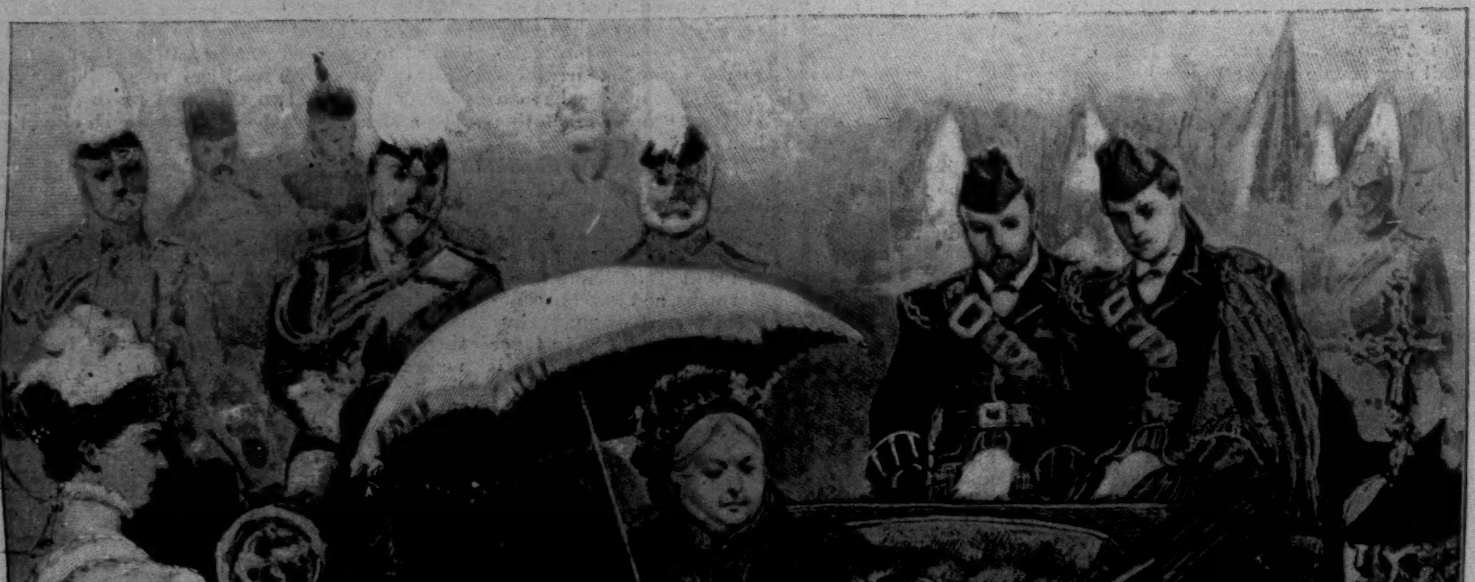
But is it not probable, Secretary SHERMAN'S wishes to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Territory of Hawaii, in spite of the character of its population, would some time, owing to some party exigency, be precipitated as a State into the Union? Have not similar things been done before? And would not then the people of the State of Hawaii, such as they are, not only have to govern themselves locally, but also, through their Senators and Representatives in Congress and through their electoral vote, take part in governing the rest of us in this Union?

Is it not eminently probable, nay, is it not certain, that when we have once cut loose from our conservative traditional policy and are actually launched on the course of indiscriminate aggrandizement, other annexations of a similar character will come after this? Will not that involve the addition to our citizenship of more and more questionable populations, mostly tropical, which, however unfit to govern themselves, will be intrusted with power to participate in governing the United States? And what will be the effect upon the character and the future of the republic?

These are some of the questions—more are to follow—which the advocates of the Hawaii annexation scheme should be held to answer. Nobody will deny that these questions are pertinent, and that the American people are entitled to the fullest light on the points involved. CARL SCHURZ.

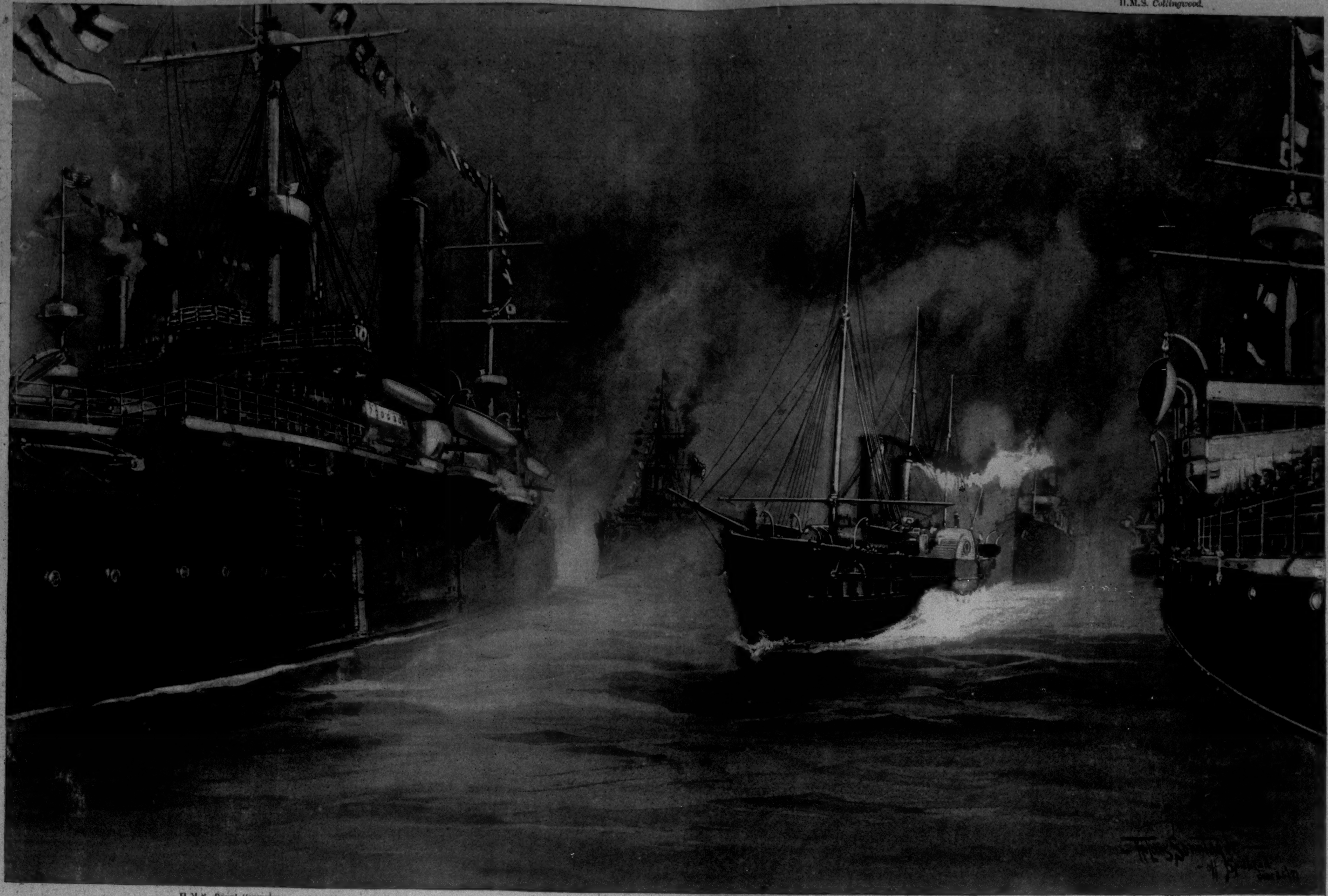


GUESTS AT SAINT PAUL'S.



THE BENEDICTION AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SERVICE AT SAINT PAUL'S.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.—[See Page 690.]



U.S.S. Brooklyn.
H.M.S. Collingwood.
H.M.S. Royal Sovereign.
H.M.S. Repulse.
Victoria and Albert.
Royal Yacht carrying the Prince of Wales.
Cunard S.S. Campania.
With Members of Parliament.
H.M.S. Benbow.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE—REVIEW OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN WAR-SHIPS AT PORTSMOUTH, JUNE 26.

The Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* passing between the Lines.—[See Page 690.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE census of 1890 credited New York with an Italian population of 39,951, which has certainly not been reduced in the last seven years. Mulberry Bend Park, the scene of Mr. Rogers's picture on another page, borders on a representative Italian quarter. In that region Italian signs, Italian shops, and Italian bankers abound; Italian mothers tend their children, usually busying themselves with something else at the same time; Italian laborers, for the moment unemployed, sit on the benches, or talk together, usually with some apparent excitement, in groups in the street. Where there are Italians in numbers there is bound to be animation, and the Mulberry Street side of the Mulberry Bend Park is one of the most animated centres of New York.

Most of the Italians in New York are very poor, and are ill-housed and coarsely fed, and have much apparently to lower their spirits. But they seem never to feel any worse than they can help. They are industrious and very frugal, and save money. Some of it they gamble away, and some is stolen from them by swindlers, but a good deal stays by them. Most of them were pinched by poverty at home before they came to New York, and knew worse things than they experience here. That seems to help their philosophy. At any rate, no part of the population of New York endures hardships with better grace or adapts itself more patiently and easily to its environment. If there is a chance to be happy, the Italian is prompt to improve it. If there is a chance to be miserable, he neglects it as far as he can. His wife and his children are like him in these particulars. They borrow no trouble. When the sun shines they bask in it (provided it is not too hot); when it rains they get under cover; they have plenty of society, and like it, and for what they cannot have they work and wait.

It must have been twenty years ago that a novel-reading elderly gentleman, who was through with hard work, was heard to say that he hoped that Mrs. Oliphant would last his lifetime and keep him supplied with pleasant stories. She did. That was about the year of *The Curate in Charge*. There were thirty-eight books by Mrs. Oliphant already in existence then, and thirty-one of them were stories. Since that time at least as many more have been added to her list. She wrote not less than seventy novels, and interspersed with them biographies, histories, and books about literature and places, and wrote articles for reviews and edited foreign classics for English readers in her spare time. Her first book was *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, published in 1859. She had seventy-two books to her credit in 1888, and her complete works when they are collected will include something very close to a hundred titles. Let us hope they may include an autobiography. The record of a life of such diligence must be worth reading.

Considering how much Mrs. Oliphant wrote, it is astonishing how much she was able to put into her books. Her stories are nice stories of English life, which contain nothing unsuited to a young person, and which have given a great deal of innocent pleasure to a great number of readers. Even if they are not great, they are certainly good, both ethically and as literature. Queen Victoria is said to have liked them better than any other novels, and in America, as well as in England, there have been a lot of readers who have sympathized with her taste.

Besides all her stories, Mrs. Oliphant wrote biographies of Francis of Assisi, Dante, Sheridan, Edward Irving, Laurence Oliphant, Principal Tulloch, and others; a history of English literature, a book about Venice, another about Florence, and much else. One of her stories, *The Second Son*, was written in nominal complicity with Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

She was born in 1828, at Wallyford, Midlothian, and her Scotch origin and the Scotch setting of many of her stories are said to have helped to win for her the valuable approval of the Queen. Her home during most of her later life was at Windsor.

It has been edifying this last ten days to hear the Harvard men discuss the boat-race, and try to determine what particular defect it was that kept Harvard practically out of it. In every meeting-place where two or three Harvard men could get together one has been sure to find an autopsy in progress, and doctors earnest in their hypotheses as to what killed the subject so surprisingly dead. Every sort of ailment has been considered. It has been held that the English stroke was not suited to the men, that a single season was not long enough to drill it into the men, that the men were too young, that they were "stale," that there was no "tiger" in them, and that there is not enough "tiger" in Harvard anyhow. There is hardly a possible moral, intellectual, or physical defect which could pervade a university which Harvard men have not considered as the possible explanation of their ill success. They take it hard. It mystifies them. It is not the being beaten in rowing that bothers them, but being so easily and monotonously beaten.

These searchings of the spirit are a wholesome exercise. Harvard's boating of late has cost her lots of trouble and has seemed to bring her little joy, but it has probably been worth all it cost. In the accomplishment of most of her undertakings Harvard, as compared with the younger universities, has great advantages of position. She has prestige and wealth; she has immediately about her the most cultivated community in the United States; she has the largest and richest and probably the most influential body of graduates of any university. In most particulars she is used to getting what she wants and getting it easily. She is not much used to struggle. She gets her share of most things without violent effort, and the same is true of a large proportion of the individuals of whom she is composed. But in boating Harvard has no advantage over even so new an institution as Cornell. She is at a disadvantage in some respects, for she has had compulsory scruples about professional coaches, or even paid amateurs, with which Cornell has not been troubled, and she has also had an "athletic committee." When she meets Cornell on the water she gets right down on the level, face to face with the stern realities of life. Nothing helps her there—not prestige, nor money, nor manners, nor lineage, nor style—nothing but true inwardness and knowing how. If Yale cannot teach Harvard to beat Yale, perhaps Cornell can. Cornell keeps a pretty good school.

In spite of Harvard's reverses at Poughkeepsie, by far the most popular honorary degree conferred at the Harvard Commencement this year was the A.M. given to Mr. Lehmann, whom President Eliot, in conferring it, described as "a graduate of our mother university, a man of leisure, a man of letters, who has brought out to us from Cambridge and Oxford the best tradition of English manly sport."

Another Harvard A.M. in which there was popular interest was that given to Mr. St.-Gaudens. He had taken one the week before at Princeton, and did not really need another, though he might gather as great a collection as Captain Mahan without exceeding his deserts. Since the Shaw monument has been finished and made public there have been no two opinions about Mr. St.-Gaudens and his merits as a sculptor.

It is such an old story for Captain Mahan to be made an LL.D. that it can hardly excite him any more to be so honored, even by Yale. His collection of degrees must make an interesting show. He is becoming nearly as well known as a speaker as he is as a writer. He spoke, much to the edification of the diners, at the Yale alumni dinner, about the possibilities of accomplishing something worth while even as late in life as after forty.

Yale conferred no honorary degree this year which stirred up so much enthusiasm as the A.M. which she gave to Mr. E. A. Abbey. Professor Fisher, in presenting Mr. Abbey, eulogized him as an American painter "whose genius as an illustrator, principally of Shakespeare and of English songs and tales, is inseparable from the power which enables him in imagination to reproduce life in past times." But this original power, he added, "would be inadequate were it not allied with cultivation of a high order and patient researches." Every reader of the WEEKLY and of HARPER'S MAGAZINE knows Mr. Abbey's pictures. The illustrations of which Professor Fisher spoke, most of which first appeared in the MAGAZINE, have since been published by the Harpers under the titles *Old Songs*, and *The Comedies of William Shakespeare*. Not every admirer of these fascinating pictures realizes how much study has gone into them, and how noted an authority Mr. Abbey has become in matters relating to mediæval times and to the eighteenth century, and especially as to the costumes and customs of those periods. Old English poetry, too, he has come to know with an intimacy practicable only to men whose hearts go out to it, and who are absolved in some measure from the need of keeping minute track of the current era and of the events recorded in its daily newspapers.

The report that Mr. E. L. Godkin has received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford seems to be well founded, though details about it are still wanting. Mr. Godkin has many admirers in this country who believe that the work he has done here, especially through the *Nation* and the *Evening Post*, has been of very great political and social value, and who will rejoice to see him honored abroad. As to his intellectual equipment and his powers as a writer, there is no question but that they fully warrant any distinction that Oxford may confer on him. It may be, however, that some curiosity may exist in this country as to the precise attitude of the English doctors toward him, and that some Americans will wonder whether Oxford honors him as a distinguished American publicist, or a notable and deserving English missionary.

It seems to be the open season for college presidents. As told last week in this department of the WEEKLY, the trustees of Brown University will have something to say to President Andrews as soon as he gets home. At Amherst, too, there seems to be something amiss. There was an institution at Amherst called the Senate, which was composed of students carefully selected, and which was expected to share the responsibility for the discipline of the college. But the Senate and President Gates did not work together for good, and the Senate seems to have lost its effectuality in consequence. It seems partly due to this incompatibility between the executive and representative branches of the Amherst government that there are two parties there, one of which is opposed to President Gates. The trustees had a meeting on June 29, at which it was expected that the situation would be freely discussed, and that action of exceptional importance might be taken. How far that expectation was realized as to discussion is better known to the trustees than to the public. The only action of especial interest that is of record is that the resignation of Professor Anson D. Morse as a member of the faculty was withdrawn. This bit of news President Gates announced "with great satisfaction" at the alumni meeting.

Commenting on the proposition to annex Hawaii to the United States, the *London Globe* questions our ability to protect the islands, and says, "Japan's sea power is so immeasurably superior to that of the United States that a Japanese naval demonstration would place President McKinley in a difficult and perilous position." Without going into the question of the present superiority of Japan as a sea power, it is interesting to find evidence of the engrossing quality of the attention which Japan is giving nowadays to naval concerns in a letter lately received from the Oriental Association of Japan, which notes that the first of Captain Mahan's books on the sea power has recently been translated into Japanese, and the second is being translated. The letter says: "The knowledge of naval affairs is at present the most important in this part of the world. The Japanese edition of the work has attracted the attention of our public. The naval and military colleges have adopted it as their text-book. The Imperial Household Department bought 300 volumes, in accordance with the royal purpose of subscribing for every middle, higher-middle, and normal school in Japan. Several thousand volumes were sold in a day or two."

It will be remembered what lively attention was paid to Captain Mahan's works in Europe, but no European nation has touched this record of Japan. Captain Mahan himself seems to find in it a bearing on the Hawaiian annexation question, for he is quoted as saying, "If we do not at once annex Hawaii we must either resolve to give it up to Japan, or to fight her within ten years, for she will take it if we don't."

A delightful addition to the breathing-spots of New York is the new recreation pier just opened by the Dock Board at the foot of East Third Street. The long pier, which reaches well out into the river, has been topped with a covered deck, enclosed with a strong railing, and well provided with seats and every necessary for the accommodation of several thousand people. It makes a delightful resort for the neighboring East-Siders. There can hardly be a better or brighter or more diverting place in all New York to spend a hot evening in, or to keep children in all day long.

Considering the inquisitiveness of modern humans, and how long they have ransacked the earth for traces of their remote predecessors, it seems surprising how much there is left to discover, and what treasures of very ancient history continue to come to light. Two very notable finds have recently been reported from North Africa. One of them, which does not go back of historical times, was lately made by Grenfell and Hunt, who are working for the Egyptian Exploration Fund. They report the recovery of papyri of great interest and importance from ancient rubbish mounds near Behneseh in Egypt. These old documents range from the Roman conquest to early Arab times, are written in Greek, with a sprinkling of Latin, Coptic, and Arabic, and are thought to include early Christian documents of special value, and perhaps valuable remnants of classical literature.

Another and slightly earlier Egyptian find is the discovery by Mr. Seton-Karr of the great flint-mines in Somaliland, from which the very beginners on the earth may have got their weapons and tools. Mr. Karr has been telling the Royal Institution about it, and makes a story which will be worth reading in detail. He suspected that there were paleolithic remains of immense antiquity in the Upper Nile Valley, and getting all the information he could, he set out to search for them. He discovered them last November, stretching for twenty miles across the desert, like ruined cities, among the cliff plateaus of Wady-Sheik, near the centre of Somaliland. One day, while tracking a lion, he made a great find of stone implements which had been buried for concealment, but had come to the surface. Professor Petrie, the Egyptologist, finds evidence in these and the other relics that men lived in Upper Egypt 200,000 years ago.

Another interesting discovery is that of the Chinese inscriptions at Hermosillo, in Mexico, which seem to prove the presence of Chinese on this continent 2000 years ago. This find is supplemented with curious timeliness by the report of F. W. Christian, of the Polynesian Society, who has discovered such traces of Chinese and Japanese in the islands of the Pacific as serve to indicate a civilization in existence 2000 years ago, and probably associated with the Central American civilization of that day. One probable result of these investigations and discoveries is that we shall finally get a credible theory of the origin of the Aztecs.

There is a chance of learning something else that is interesting from Professor Libbey's Princeton expedition which is about starting for New Mexico to look for the homes of cliff-dwellers on the unexplored table-lands near Albuquerque.

There is a great deal of good reading in Mrs. Sherwood's *Epistle to Posterity*, but nothing more entertaining than her recollections of American society in the forties and fifties. There seem to have been few people worth knowing in those days whom she did not meet, and few places worth seeing that she did not visit. She was born in New Hampshire, where her grandfather, James Wilson, was a magnate, and her father of the same name was a great popular favorite, a famous stump-speaker, a general, a Mason of note, an ardent politician, and in an uncommon degree all things to all men. In her father's company she saw most of the famous New-Englanders of the forties, and all the great Americans of the day in Washington. Her memoirs include her impressions of a long string of famous people, beginning with Daniel Webster, and not ending at all. She visited Webster at Marshfield, and saw him later in Washington; she saw Dickens and his wife; she went with her father to Iowa, a long, interesting trip, in which river steamboats were the chief means of conveyance; she saw Nauvoo while the Mormons were still there; she made a steamboat trip through the Great Lakes when Mr. Van Buren was of the party, and "stopped at a little, mean, muddy town known as Chicago"; she visited at Watertown the sisters of Maria White, and came to know James Russell Lowell; she went to see Brook Farm, and remembered whom she met there; she knew Washington in the Mexican war days. She was married in the early fifties, a Saturnian era, when "almost everybody 'had about enough to live on,' and young ladies dressed well on a hundred dollars a year." She went to the West Indies on her wedding journey, and after that lived in New York, making visits from time to time to Boston, Washington, Europe, and wherever history was being made and afforded good talk in the processes of its construction.

The scope of Mrs. Sherwood's book is extraordinary. She seems to have sighted nearly every head that raised itself above the crowd in this country or in Europe for half a century, and all the people she saw she seems to have remembered. She carries along her comprehensive tale with unfailing animation, and with the ease of a habitual chronicler writing out of a full mind.

The report comes from Hartford that the estate left by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is not as large as might be wished, and that the share which comes to Mrs. Stowe's two daughters is not sufficient for their maintenance in their mother's house in Hartford. The Rev. Charles E. Stowe, Mrs. Stowe's only son, lives at Simsbury, Connecticut, and is stated to have proposed that his sisters should come there. Hartford people, who take a strong interest in the Stowes, hope that the family home in Hartford may be continued in the possession of its present occupants, and the suggestion has been made that the fund raised for the statue of Mrs. Stowe should be used instead for the purchase of the house for her daughters.

E. S. MARTIN.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

MITSOS adored Uncle Nicholas with undivided devotion. Uncle Nicholas was of a different and of a higher race of men than any he had ever seen—even different from and more wonderful than his father. He had been to foreign countries which you could only reach after sailing for weeks in big ships. He had been able to talk to some French sailors who had once been wrecked, within Mitsos's memory, on the coast near, and understand what they said, though no one in the place, not even the mayor, could do that. Then Uncle Nicholas used to go mysterious journeys, and turn up again when he was least expected, and he had a wonderful low soft voice, as unlike as possible to the harsh voices which Mitsos usually heard, and he had long white hands and pink nails. Also, he could shoot wild pigeons when they were flying, whereas the utmost that the mayor's son, who was considered the Nimrod of the neighborhood, could do was to shoot them if they were walking about. Even then he could only hit them if there were several of them together and he got very close. Also, Uncle Nicholas was omniscient; he knew the names of all the birds and plants, and once when Mitsos had the fever he had picked some common-looking leaves from the hedge and boiled them in water and given him the water to drink. Next morning he had awoke quite well. Above all, Nicholas told the most wonderful stories about the places he had been in and the things he had done.

So Mitsos washed his hands and went up to Nicholas's room. The latter had had his bath, and was already half dressed. His dusty clothes lay on the floor, with the exception of the jacket, which was on a chair, and he pointed to these as Mitsos came in.

"I shall be here four days at least," he said, "and I want these washed before I go away. The most important thing in the world is to be clean, Mitsos."

"Father Andréa—" began the boy.

"Well, what does Father Andréa say?"

"He says that to love God is the most important thing."

"Well, Father Andréa is right. But you must remember that I am right too. Sit down in the window, Mitsos, and talk to me. What have you been doing ever since I was here?"

"Looking after the vines," said Mitsos, "since the reaping was over. And I go fishing very often—almost every night."

"Then to-morrow we will go together. To-night I have much to say to your father."

"Will you really come with me?" asked the boy. "And will you tell me some more stories?"

"Yes. I have a new set of stories which you shall hear and give your opinion about. How old are you?"

"Eighteen—nineteen in November; and my mustache is coming."

Nicholas turned the boy's face round to the light.

"Yes, an owner's eye might have detected something. Why do you want a mustache?"

"Because men have mustaches."

"And you want to be a man?" said Nicholas. "Well, I dare say you will be some day. But before we go down, I have one thing to say to you which you must remember always. If a Turk ever asks you if you know anything about me—where I am, or where I may be going—you must always say 'No.' Say you haven't seen me for more than a year. Do you understand? That must be your answer, and no other."

"I understand—simply that I have not seen you for a year, and know nothing about you."

"Yes. Whatever happens, do you think you can always answer that, and no more. I may as well tell you that if you answer more than that—if, when you are questioned—I do not say you will ever be questioned, but you may be—if you tell them where I am, or whether I am expected here, or anything of the kind, you will perhaps be killing me as surely as if you shot me this moment with this gun. Do you promise?"

"Of course I promise," said the boy, frowning.

"Suppose they threaten to kill you if you don't tell them?"

"Why do you ask me?" he said. "I have promised."

Nicholas laid his hand on Mitsos's shoulder.

"And, by God, I believe you would keep it!" he said. "Now come down stairs."

Siroco blew itself out during the night, and a light north wind had taken its place when the day dawned. The whole sky was flooded with that particular sparkling sunlight which can only be seen in the south. To the north the sharp mountainous outlines of the Argive hills were cut out against the tender blue of the sky, glowing pink in the sunrise, with all their glens and hollows brimmed with bluest shadow. To the west, a mile away, the waters of the bay gleamed with a transparent aqueous blue, as if two skies had been melted into one and poured out together. Beyond, the hills—over which wound the Turkish road to Tripoli, visible in this clear air and lying along the contours of the mountains like a yellow ribbon—lay still in shadow. The lower slopes were covered with pines; above, the bare gray stones climbed up shoulder over shoulder to meet the sky. By degrees, as the sun rose higher, the light struck first the tops, and flowed caressingly down from peak to spur and spur to slope, till it reached the lower, rounder hills at the base, and then flashed across the bay and the plain of Argos. Then it caught first the tawny fortress walls of the citadel which kept guard over the town, then the town itself which clustered round its base, until suddenly from Constantine's house the rim of the sun was visible over the hills to the northeast, and the whole plain leaped from darkness into light.

There had been a heavy dew during the night, and the closely reaped corn-fields were covered with gossamer webs hanging pearly and iridescent between the corn-stalks. In the vineyards the upper surfaces of the broad fresh-colored leaves were wet and shining, as if they had been painted anew. In that first moment of light and heat all the odors of flowering plants, and the wholesome smell of moist earth, which had been hanging as if asleep close to the ground all night, rose and dispersed themselves in the air. A breath of wind shook the web of sweet smell out of the mimosa-trees that grew at the garden gate, and sent it spreading and shifting on to the veranda and in at the open windows. The border of wild thyme by the porch trembled like a row of fine steel springs as the wind passed over it, and gave out its offering of sweet savor to the morning. A sparrow lit on a sprig of rose, and flew off again, scattering dewdrops and petals. And smiling like a child, the world awoke.

During the morning Mitsos was chiefly employed making cups of coffee for a succession of men come from Nauplia to see Nicholas; and each had to be offered a cup of Turkish coffee. Nicholas sat in the veranda with his narghileh, which he smoked without intermission, and he appeared to be giving instructions to them. Among the first to come was Father Andréa, whom he treated with great respect. When he rose to go Nicholas accompanied him as far as the back gate, which led into a field path towards his house, and Mitsos, who was washing cups at the fountain, screened behind bushes, heard them go by talking.

As they parted he heard Nicholas say: "Above all, be silent. We shall want you to talk later. At present a word overheard might ruin everything, and you never know when you are not being overheard. Even now Mitsos, whom you never noticed, but whom I noticed, hears all I say to you. Mitsos, come here."

Mitsos came, cup in hand, flushed and angry.

"You are not fair to me, Uncle Nicholas," he said. "I was not listening; I could not help hearing."

"No, little one, I do not blame you," said Nicholas. "I only wanted Father Andréa to see. That is but one instance, father; take care there are not more. And here is my offering to the Christ and to my patron saint for having brought me here in safety."

Nicholas kept his promise to Mitsos, and soon after sunset the two went off together to where the boat was lying. Mitsos carried a couple of big pewter ladles, a bag full of resin, a wicker creel for the fish, and two spears. Nicholas walked on a little ahead with the net wound round his shoulders. They intended first of all to do a little shore fishing, and then sail across to the other side of the bay, where they would use what the Greeks call the "sweep-net" in the shallow water where the bottom was sandy and shelving. This side of the bay, however, was rocky, went rapidly down into deep water, and here they were to spear the fish. Nicholas, however, got into the boat to arrange the net and dispose the lead in what he considered a more satisfactory manner, leaving Mitsos to do the spearing alone.

Mitsos took off his linen trousers, fastening his shirt round his waist with a leather belt. Then he slung the creel and the resin-bag round his neck, and putting a little resin into the ladle, set light to it, took the spear in his right hand, and rolling up his sleeves to the shoulder, stepped into the water. He held the burning resin close to the surface, so that it cast into the sea a bright light, to which the fish which lay among the rocks would be attracted. The spear he held ready to bring down if he saw anything.

It was a scene which Rembrandt would have loved to paint. The moon was not up, but by the clear starlight you could see the outlines of the hills against the sky, and the water of the bay, waveless and still, lay vast and sombre across to the further side. The light from the resin flare vaguely showed the boat in which Nicholas was preparing the net; but all was in shadow except Mitsos's figure and a few feet of glittering water round him. The highest light was cast on his brown face as he bent forward, and on his bared arm, which stood out like a cameo against the darkness behind. As he moved, the water, which came about up to his knees, was stirred into ripples, the top of which looked as if on fire. The sea was slightly phosphorescent, and his trail was pale and luminous, like the Milky Way. Every now and then with a splendid motion he brought the spear down, and drew it up again, sometimes with a red mullet, sometimes with a small brill, flapping and struggling on the point. Now and then, but rarely, he missed, and looked up at Nicholas, smiling and showing his white teeth.

At the end of half an hour Nicholas was ready, and as a breeze had sprung up, ruffling the surface of the water and making it difficult to see the fish distinctly, they started to sail across the bay. Mitsos waded out to the boat with his trousers and shoes in his hand, and rubbed his hand down his legs to get the dripping water off before he dressed. The wind was light but steady, and Mitsos set the big red sail, and giving a vigorous shove or two with the oar, sent the boat round so that it caught the wind. In a moment it heeled over without stirring, and then a little whisper of water came from the forefoot as it began to move, and gathering speed, it glided on across the dark water.

Nicholas had taken the rudder, and Mitsos sat down beside him.

"Eight mullet and a dozen other fish," he said. "That's not bad for half an hour. We must go just under that point. Do you see it? There is a house with a light burning a little above it."

"I see. It will take nearly an hour with this wind. What shall I do to amuse you?"

"Will you tell me some of the new stories, uncle?"

"That's not a bad idea."

CHAPTER III.

NICHOLAS paused a moment.

"Mitsos," he said, "I am going to tell you about a part of my life which I have never told you before, for until now I have only told you boys' stories to amuse you. But now I am going to tell a story for a man. This all happened twenty years ago, when I was a brigand."

Mitsos stared.

"A brigand, Uncle Nicholas! You?"

"Brigand, outlaw, whatever you like to call it. A man with a price set on his head; a man without any home but the mountains. Yet one may do worse than live in the mountains, Mitsos. The first part of my story is like many other stories I have told you before; it is the second part, when I tell you why I was a brigand, that will be new to you—a story, as I have said, not for a boy, but for a man.

"I used to live then at Dimitzana, in Arcadia, and I became a brigand on the night that my wife died. But that belongs to the second part of my story. Well, there I was living in the mountains round Arcadia, sheltering, and hiding for the most part of the day in the woods, but keeping near some mountain path, so that if a Turk or two or three came by, I could—how shall I say it?—do business with them. For a month or two I was quite alone, and then I was joined by other men from Dimitzana, who had become outlaws too. With them I conducted operations on rather a larger scale; we used to take Turks, and get ransoms for them. But never did we take or molest a Greek, or lay hands on any woman, Greek or Turk."

Nicholas paused a moment, and laughed gently to himself.

"Never in my life shall we forget when we took Mohammed Bey—a fat old man, Mitsos, and a devil. To see him tied on his mule, crying out to Allah and Mohammed to rescue him from the infidels, as if Mohammed hadn't something better to do than look after such swine! I told him that he would only spend a day or two with us in the mountains, until his friends ransomed him, adding that we would do our best to make him comfortable. But he wept tears of pure oil, Mitsos, and said that Mohammed would avenge him, which as yet the prophet has omitted to do. But there is one drawback to that sort of life, Mitsos—one cannot keep clean. Sometimes, if one is travelling or being pursued, one has to go a whole day or more without water to drink, much less to wash in. Once, I remember, we had been all day without water, and could not find any when we stopped for the night. But there was a heavy dew, and though it was a cold night, we all sat without our shirts for hours, laying them on the ground until they were wet with dew, and then wringing them out into our mouths. Ah! horrible, horrible!"

Nicholas spat over the side of the boat at the thought, and then went on.

"For the most part we lived in the Achaian mountains, but somehow or other, when summer began, we all with one accord moved southwards again. We never spoke to each other of where we were going, for we all knew. And one evening, just before sunset, we stood on the brow of a big wooded hill above Dimitzana and looked at our homes again. Homesickness and want of water—these were the two things which made me suffer; and I would sooner be without water than be homesick.

"All the next day we stopped there, sitting on that spur of wooded hill, looking at home as if our eyes would start out of our heads. Now and then one of us, and now another, would roll over, burying his face in his hands, and the rest of us would pretend not to notice. I don't know for certain what the others did when they buried their faces like that; for myself I can only say that I sobbed. And it hurts a man to sob, unless he is a Turk, for Turks sob if the coffee is not to their liking.

"That evening I could bear it no longer, and I said to the others, 'I must go down and see my house again.' They tried to stop me, for it is a foolish thing for an outlaw to go home when there is a price set on his head, but I would not listen to them.

"And I went down to the village and walked up the street, past the fountain, and past the church. I met many Greeks whom I knew, but I made signs to them that they should not recognize me. Luckily for me, the garrison of Turks had been changed, and though I passed several soldiers in the street, they stared at me, being a stranger, but did not know who I was.

"Then I went up past the big plane-tree and saw my house. The windows were all broken, and the door was down, as I had seen it last; and on the door-step my father was sitting. He was very old—eighty at least—and he was playing with a doll that had belonged to my daughter."

Nicholas paused a moment.

"Mitsos," he went on, "you do not know what it is to feel keen passionate joy and sorrow mixed together like that, ludicrously.

"It is not right that a man should have to bear such a thing, for when I saw my father sitting there nursing the doll, I could not have contained myself even if two companies of angels had been withstanding me, or twenty of devils, and I ran up to him and sat down by him, and kissed him, and said, 'Father, don't you know me?' But he did not say anything. He only looked at me in a puzzled sort of way and went on nursing his doll. The doll had a red dress on, I remember, and blue shoes. It is odd that one remembers these little things; and the stupid face of it, somehow, I remember better than the face of my father.

"I stopped in the village for an hour, perhaps more, and I swore an oath which I have never yet forgotten, and which I will never forget. In the church we have a shrine of the blessed Jesus, and another to his mother, and one to St. George, and to each of them I lit tapers, and prayed to them that they would help me to accomplish my oath. They have helped me, and they will help me. And you, Mitsos, can help me too."

The boy looked up.

"What was your oath, Uncle Nicholas?" he said; "and how can I help you?"

He laid his hand on Nicholas's knee, and Nicholas felt it trembling. The story was going home.

"I will tell you," he said; "but first I must tell you how it was I became an outlaw. It was this way:

"You never knew my wife. She died before you were

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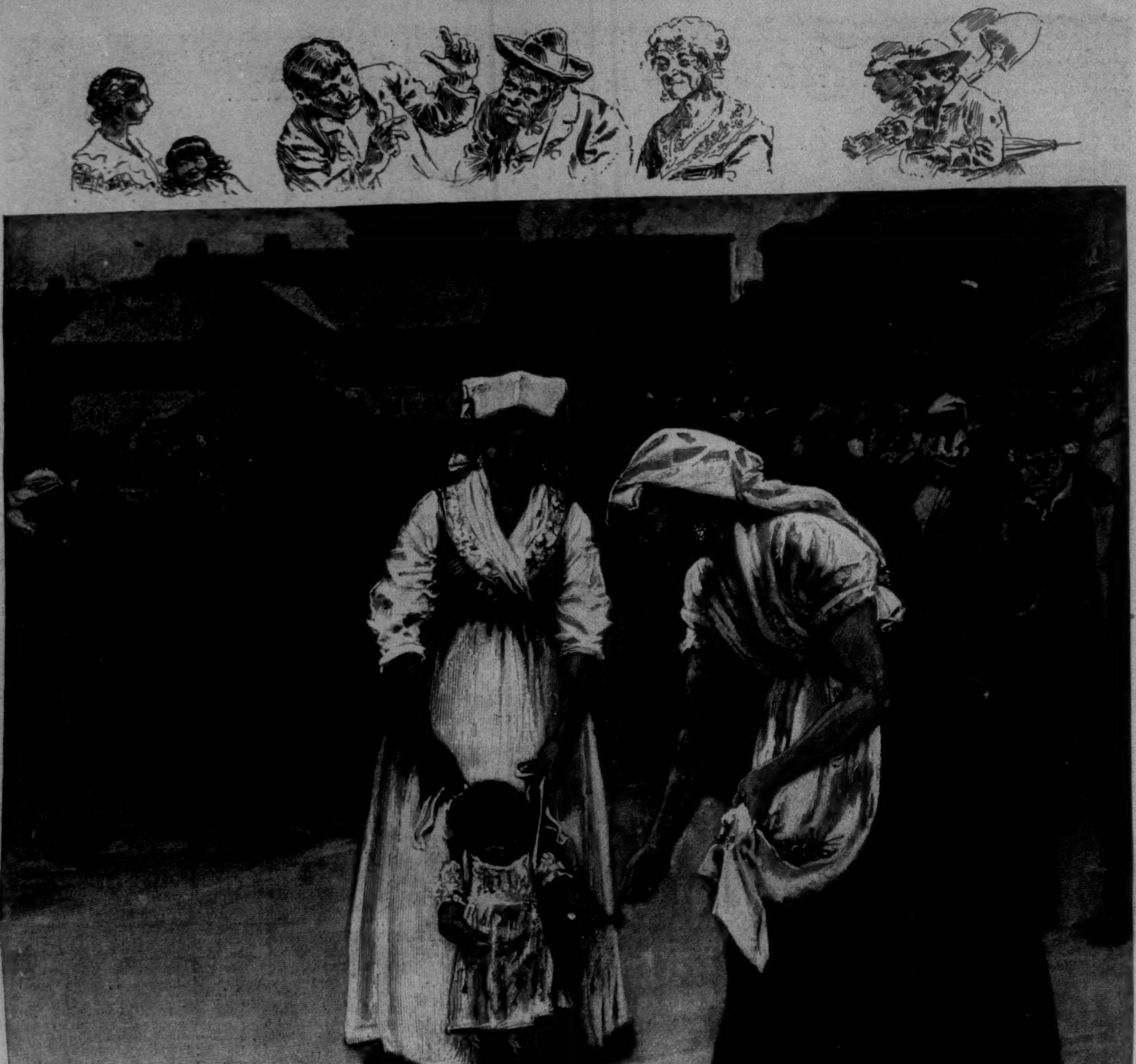
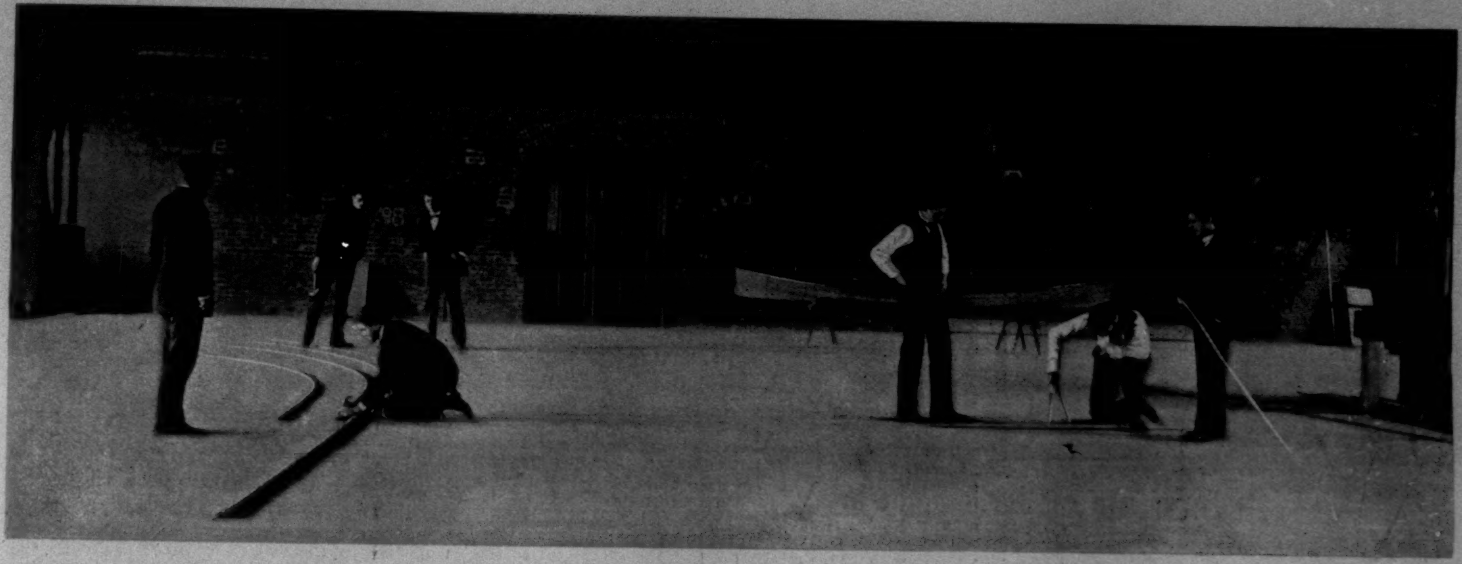
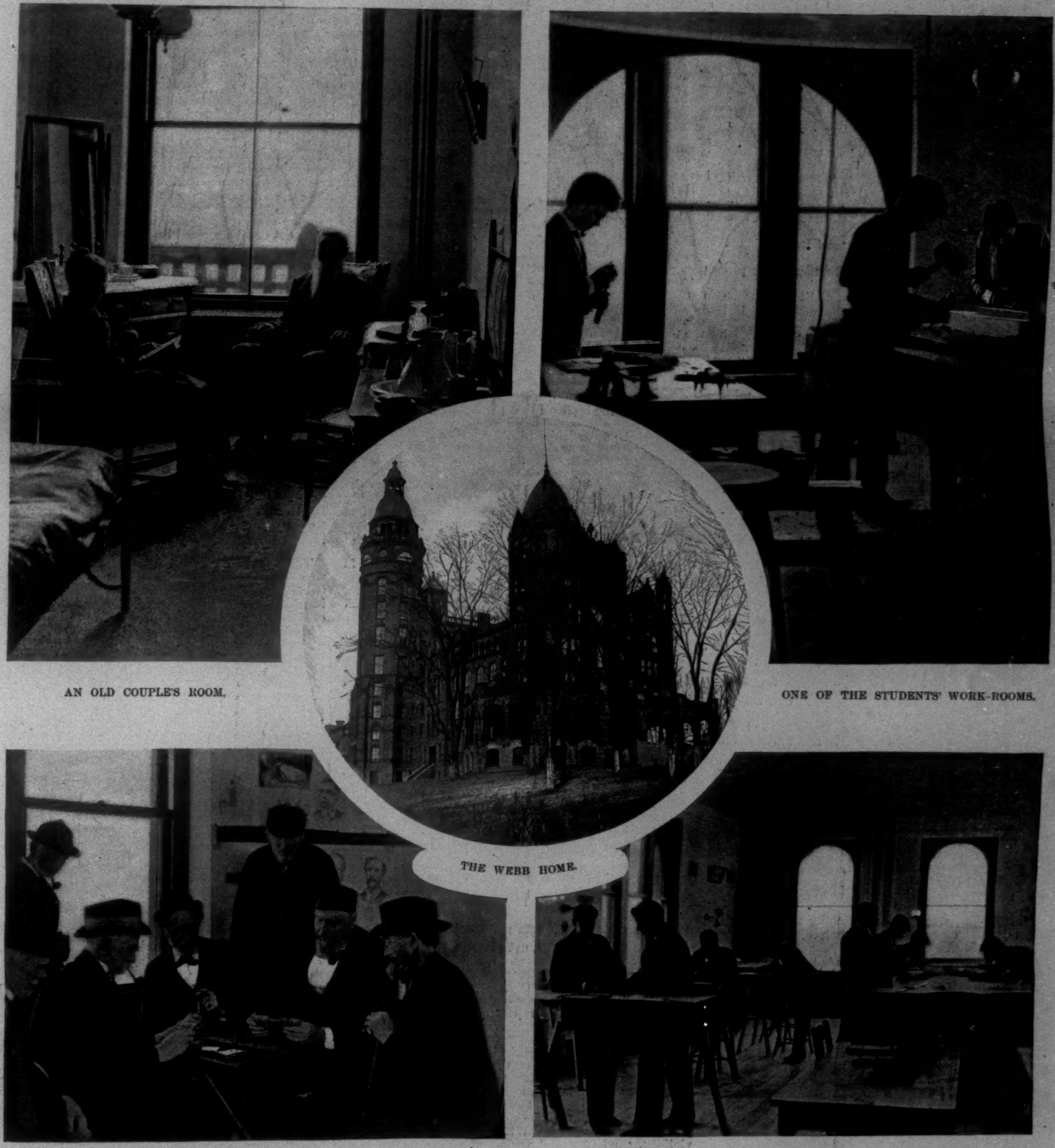
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.



MULBERRY BEND PARK—A FAVORITE SPOT WITH THE ITALIAN COLONY OF LOWER NEW YORK CITY.
Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See "This Busy World," Page 682.]



THE MOULD-LOFT—STUDENTS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN SHIP-BUILDING.



AN OLD COUPLE'S ROOM.

THE WEBB HOME.

ONE OF THE STUDENTS' WORK-ROOMS.

AN INTERESTING GAME IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

A CLASS AT WORK IN THE DRAFTING-ROOM.

THE WEBB ACADEMY AND HOME FOR SHIP-BUILDERS, FORDHAM HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 691.]

born. She was the most beautiful and the best loved of women, and your cousin Helen, to whom the doll belonged, would have been as beautiful as her mother. A fortnight before I became an outlaw there came a new officer to command the garrison at Dimitzana. He was a pleasant-seeming man, and to me, being the mayor of the village, he paid much attention. He would sit with us in the garden after dinner, and sometimes I asked him to take his dinner with us; sometimes he asked me to dine with him. But Catharine always disliked him; often she was barely civil to him. He had been in the place nearly a fortnight, when I had to go away for a night, or perhaps two, to Andritsaena, for the election of the mayor—for I came from Andritsaena, and had a vote in the matter. I left about mid-day; but I had not gone more than four hours from the town, when I met a man from Andritsaena who told me that the election would not take place, as two of the candidates had resigned. So I turned my horse round and went home.

"It was dark before I got to the village, and I noticed that there was no light in my house. But I supposed that Catharine was spending the evening with some friend, and I suspected nothing. But it got later and later, and she did not come, so at last I went out and called at all the houses where she would be likely to be. She was not at any of them, and no one had seen her. So at last I determined to go to the officer's quarters and ask if he had seen her. There was a dim light burning in one of the windows, but the door was locked. It was when I found that the door was locked that I drew my pistol from my belt, and I waited a moment. In that moment I heard the sound of a woman sobbing and crying from inside the house, and the next minute I had burst the door open. The room inside was dark, but a staircase led up from it through the floor of the room above, and I ran up it. Helen—she was only seven years old—ran across the room, perhaps hearing my step, crying, 'Father, father!' and as my head appeared the officer fired. He missed me, and shot Helen dead.

"Before he could fire again, I had fired at him. He never spoke or moved, and he fell with a rattling broken sound across the floor. Catharine was there, and she came slowly across the room to me.

"'Ah, you have come,' she said. 'You are too late.'

"I sat down on the bed, and my throat was as dry as a sirocco wind, and laid the double-barrelled pistol, still smoking, by me. Neither of us, I am sure, gave one thought to the man who was lying there—perhaps hardly to Helen, for dishonor is worse than death, and I sat like a thing broken."

"'You are too late,' she repeated; 'and for me this is the only way.'

"And before I could stop her, she had taken up the pistol and shot herself through the head.

"The shots had roused the soldiers, and two or three burst in up the stairs. With the officer's pistol, for I had no time to reload mine, I killed the first, and he went bumping down the stairs, knocking one man over. I opened the window and dropped. It was not more than ten feet from the ground, and I had a few feet to fall."

He paused for a moment and stood up, letting go of the rudder, and raising his hand.

"Blessed Jesus," he cried, "and blessed Mother of God, and holy George, help me to keep my vow!"

He stood there a moment in silence.

"And my vow—" he said to Mitsos.

"Your vow—your vow!" cried Mitsos. "Your vow is to root out the Turk! Christ Jesus, the devils! Oh, oh! But to-morrow I too will light tapers to the holy saints, and make the vow you made. And you must show me how to keep it."

"Amen to that," said Nicholas.

He sat down again and took the rudder, and for five minutes or so there was silence, broken only by the steady hiss of the water round the boat. From over the hills towards Tripoli there came every now and then flashes of summer lightning. The lamp in the house above the point to which they were steering had been put out, but they were now not more than a couple of hundred yards from the shore, and the promontory itself was clearly visible. Towards the east the hills looked blacker than ever, for the moon was on the point of rising behind them, and the deep velvet blue of the sky had tinted to dove-color.

Nicholas was the first to speak.

"And now I have told you, Mitsos," he said, "and for the present we will think about our fishing. Can we run the boat in behind the promontory?"

"Yes; there is four feet of water right up to the land. Just there the shore goes down rapidly. I will take in the sail."

"There is no need. As soon as we pass the corner it will be dead calm."

Nicholas put the helm round as soon as they rounded the little point, and in a moment the sail flapped like a wounded bird against the mast, and they ran up to the rocks. Mitsos jumped out and tied the boat up.

They lifted the net on shore, and made their way round the wooded headland to the little sandy bays where they were to fish. Here the shore was sandy and shelving, with occasional clumps of succulent sea-weed which grew up from the rocks below—a favorite feeding-ground, as Mitsos knew, for mullet and sole. Nicholas had put on Constantine's long fishing-boots, reaching up to his hips, before he left the boat—Mitsos, as before, merely taking off his shoes and trousers.

The net was about twenty-five yards long, and Mitsos, taking one end in his hand, stepped into the water at right angles to the shore. He waded out till the net was taut between them, and then Nicholas followed. As soon as the latter was some two yards from the shore they both moved towards the head of the little sandy cove which lay in front of them, getting gradually nearer together as they approached it, till, when they were within five or six yards of the land, they were walking together, the net trailing in great bag behind them. The resistance of the water and the dragging of the lead along the bottom made it hard to pull, and it was a quarter of an hour or so before they got on land. The moon had risen, and it was easy to see the silvery glitter of the fish as they lay in the dark meshes of the net. The flat, brown soles, however, required a more careful search, and towards the end, when the net was nearly empty, they had to wait till they heard the flapping of the fish, and guided their search by the sound.

They fished for an hour or two, not catching much, until Mitsos proposed they should try a little further down the coast, where shoals of a certain small fish, rather like whitebait, often lay. The water here was rather deeper, and before going in he took off his shirt, leaving it on the rocks. Nicholas, who had put himself completely under Mitsos's directions, waited in the shallower water near the shore till the boy had waded out into the deeper water, which came rather above his waist. Then, as before, they moved in converging lines towards the shore.

They had approached to within about twenty yards of the beach, and within about five yards of each other, when Mitsos stopped and pointed. The upper edge of the net, fitted at intervals with corks to keep it floating, was visible on the light surface of the water, trailing in an irregular oval. But inside this oval the water was strangely agitated and unquiet, and every now and then a little silvery speck would appear on it.

"Look!" he said to Nicholas; "the little fish are there. We must be as quick as we can. Sometimes, if the shoal begin jumping, they will all jump out."

And bending forward to get his whole weight into the dragging net, he pushed forward towards the land.

The moonlight fell full on his body, dripping and glistening from the waist downwards with the salt water, and throwing the straining muscles of his back into strong light and shadow as he pulled against the weight of the dragging net. Nicholas and he were close to each other, not more than ten yards from the shore, and Mitsos was pulling with all his might, not looking behind him at the net, but with head and back bent in water about a foot deep. Suddenly from the net there came a rustling, splashing sound, like little pebbles being thrown into the sea, and he turned round just in time to see the whole shoal, which glistened like a silver sheet, rise and drop into the water outside.

"The little devils!" he said. "They are all gone."

"We may as well pull the net in and look," said Nicholas. "There may be a lot still in."

Mitsos shook his head.

"When they go like that, it is all of them," he said.

Mitsos was quite right. There was a stray fish or two still in the net, but so few they were hardly worth picking out.

"That will do for to-night, won't it?" he said. "We have fished all the best places."

He lay down and rolled over in the warm dry sand once or twice, and then standing up, brushed the wet stuff off his body. Then spreading the net out on the rocks higher up on the beach, he went off to fetch his shirt. Nicholas employed himself in picking up a few stray fish and put them into the creel. Then rolling up the net, they walked back to the boat.

The wind which had taken them straight across the bay still blew from the same quarter, and was dead against them. They would have to make two long tacks to get home, the first right across to the island in the middle of the bay, the second back again to the head of it. This second tack brought them close up under the sea-wall of Abdul Achmet, and the white house gleamed brightly in the moonlight. As Mitsos was putting about, Nicholas looked at it curiously.

"That is a new house, is it not?" he said.

"Yes; it is the house of that pig Achmet," said Mitsos, cheerfully.

"Why is he a particular pig?"

"Why, he took our vineyard away, and said he would pay a fair price for it. Not a penny has he paid. Look; there are a couple women on the terrace."

Two of the women of the house were leaning over the wall. Just as they turned, Nicholas saw a man—probably one of the eunuchs—come up out of the shadow, and as he got up to them he struck the nearer one on the face. The woman cried out, and said to him, "What is that for?"

Nicholas started, and looked eagerly towards them.

"Did you hear, Mitsos?" he said. "She spoke in Greek."

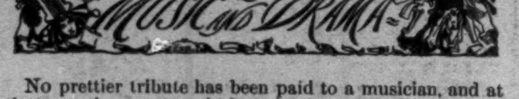
Mitsos was rather cross about the escape of the shoal.

"One of those women?" he said. "Why shouldn't she?"

"How do you suppose she knows Greek?"

"I don't know. We sha'n't get across in this tack."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MUSIC AND DRAMA

No prettier tribute has been paid to a musician, and at the same time to a musical work of graceful art, than the erection and dedication some weeks ago of a statue to the composer Adolf Adam, at Longjumeau. The memorial is a costly and tasteful one, its main detail being the immortal Chapelon, Postilion of Longjumeau, with his whip in his hand. Chapelon was a purely imaginary knight of the coach-whip. But one is almost ready to forget and forgive that. Perhaps he may yet become a local myth of some density, with Longjumeau able to contend proudly for his existence as do Coventry, Fredericktown, Verona, and other places for their heroes and heroines. By a singular omission there is not a monument to Adam anywhere else in France, not even in Paris. He was a singularly gifted musician, and in the *Postilion* and *Giselle* often an exquisitely inventive one. *The Postilion of Longjumeau* is seldom heard nowadays in this country; but it is a stock favorite in France and Germany, and bids fair to be immortal in the repertory of the small opera-houses.

The movement of the musical world is at all times so hurrying and clamorous that time and space in the public prints seem alike something too short to pay even scant respect to the dead. There have been in course of the past few months significant additions to music's necrology. Brahms has been, of course, a universal loss. Not to be passed over are the aged Wilhelm von Wasielewski, the violinist, conductor, and author of the well-known and standard biography of Schumann; Halanzier, so long the director of the Opéra at Paris; and Bina Steffanone, an Italian soprano, whose once shining name has long since passed with distinction into the history of lyric art. In Paris died, after poverty and utter obscurity during forty long years, Madame Falcon, "the incomparable Falcon," a French dramatic soprano at the height of her brief powers and grand reputation in 1835, the "creator" of the rôles of Valentine and Rachel. All her after-story is one of the most melancholy of commentaries on the risks run by stage singers of living so long after their careers that people are amazed to learn death has so long spared them.

"Octavia Hensel" (Mrs. Fonda), an American musician, musical editor, and a writer on musical topics, critically and descriptively, one of much individuality and force, died last month at her Southern home in the sixty-first year of her age. The announcement of the death of Max Maretzek, the operatic impresario, some weeks ago, was something to excite regretful interest in many cities of the United States. His personal and professional history is one written into the story of operatic undertakings in New York and Philadelphia. A long list of artists of the first rank, and many operas, at the time equally new to United States audiences, were brought to us by his enterprise. He was thought a fairly successful manager, so far as concerned the pecuniary outcome of some of his seasons. But when he gave over the business he was far from doing so with a profit, and he died, like almost all opera-purveyors, a poor man. Mr. Maretzek was about seventy-six years of age. Berthold Tours, the popular song-writer, and William T. Best, well known among English organists, have also died as the season closed. A curious uncertainty attached for some weeks to the announcement, from Italy, of the decease of Roberto Stagno, the tenor, the husband of Madame Bellincioni. There is an Alberto Stagno, also a singer, and the telegrams gave both names. Roberto Stagno was of importance here, many years ago, as one of the two chief tenors of the Metropolitan's opening season under Mr. Abbey.

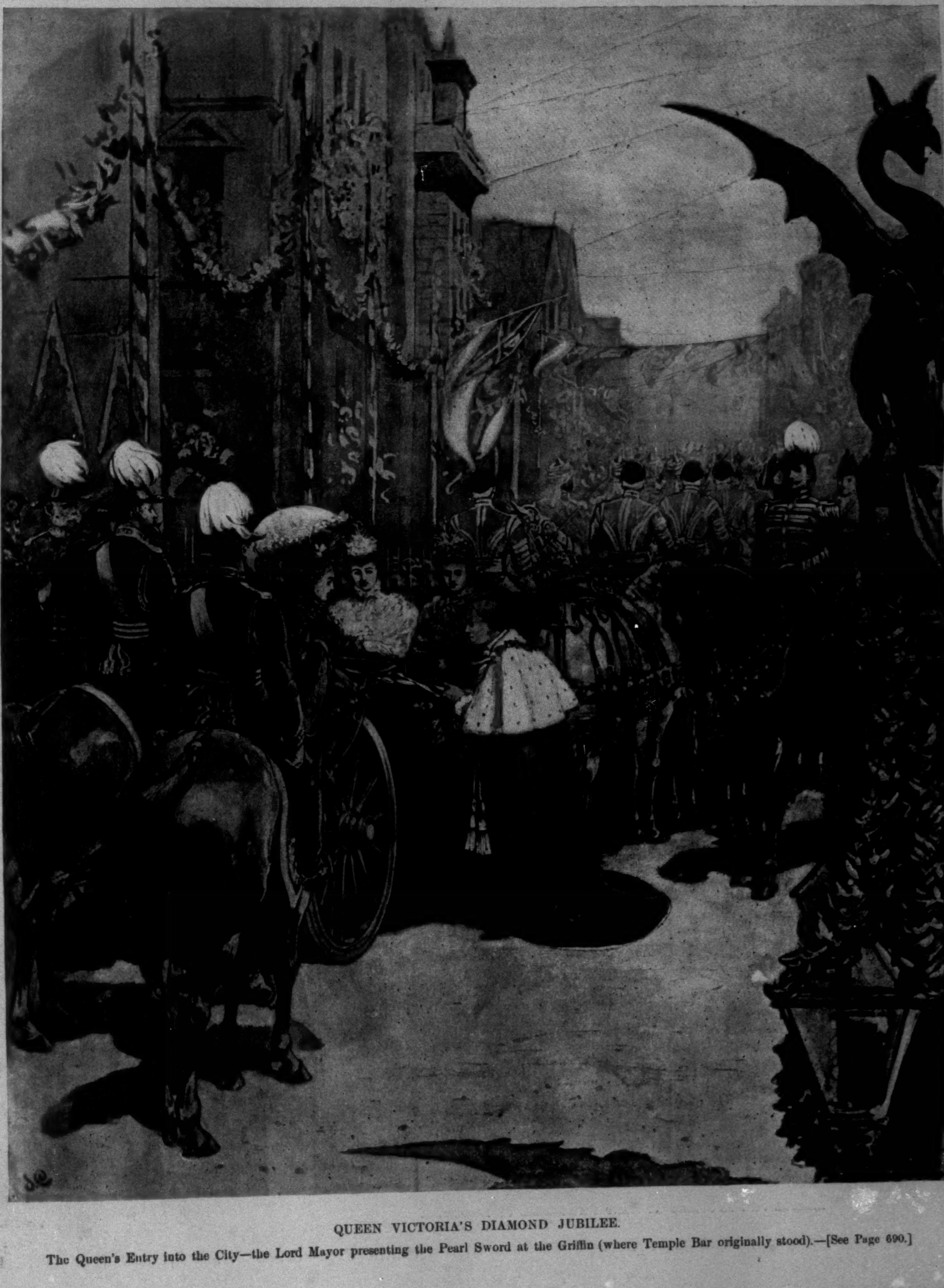
The sea-side village of Asbury Park has lately been getting itself into an official state of mind as to the "sacredness" of the music discoursed on Sundays by its official band. It would be difficult to find a community where such dubitations would come more in the natural course of things. It must be admitted that in the question of a public orchestra's programmes for the first afternoon or evening of the week lies a rich and exhaustless mine for argument, apt to be less intelligent than heated. Perhaps it is worth while to remind those aggrieved over it or a similar question that more than anything else it is a matter of the choice of good music, and of the avoidance of music with inappropriate associations hanging around it. There is a religious style in music, but it has not determined itself with particular relation to the concert-hall or the band-kiosk; and a concert-programme of summer or winter flavor scarcely can be put together on the basis of ecclesiastical melody and the hymn-book. Not long ago, in preparing a public reception for a Christian Science gathering, the request was made that the orchestral music "refer to the work and convictions" of the Scientists. It was found impracticable to carry out this desire, although stress was laid on "including the Faith Theme in Wagner's *Parsifal!*" One tune, as a tune, is as religious as another, exactly as one picture or statue as an art-work is as sacred as another. We do not hang cloths over the paintings in the drawing-room on Sunday because their topics are not religious. There is no good reason in art or religion for silencing a movement of a Beethoven symphony, or a bit of Bach or Haydn or Mendelssohn that is well included. The propriety or impropriety of the selections is chiefly involved with associations and sentiments. The comic opera, the dancing-floor, the vaudeville stage, and, generally speaking, the theatrical and trashy, well may be tabooed at Asbury Park or anywhere else on at least that one day in the week, when their offence is not only artistic, but to many persons an error that seems to go a great deal deeper.

The operatic sensations of the moment in Europe are two. One is actually of Germany, musically moribund Germany, and hence all the more to be commended for animating herself. August Bungert has added the final opera of Homeric scenes and characters to the group of which his *Nausicaa* was so interesting a success more than a dozen years ago; and his new work, *The Return of Ulysses*, has been received with a solid cordiality that must rejoice the heart of a composer, not for the multitudes in his style. *Haschisch*, a new one-act score, written on an Oriental theme by Oscar von Chelius to a dramatic book by Delmar, is passing the rounds of all the larger opera-houses with a swiftness like nothing since Hummel's *Mara*. Of both these works it has been stated that Mr. Walter Damrosch holds the American rights.

Apropos of Mr. Damrosch's plans and singers, among them are mentioned Mr. Alfred Alvarez, the admirable tenor of the Paris Opéra, and beyond question one of the finest lyric and dramatic artists now on the European stage. Mr. Ernest van Dyk excepted, there is really no other tenor that it is worth while just now to try to bring to this difficult America of ours as one that its delicate musical palate may be reasonably expected to relish. Mr. Alvarez said last year that he would not and could not come to New York for—how many reasons and seasons was it? But he seems to have changed his ideas. Madame Marcella Sembrich, too, is specially announced as among Mr. Damrosch's captured artists, though it is said that Madame Sembrich will be heard only in concert. We shall see. The success here of this gifted and amazingly versatile *coloratura* artist is not yet so far back that we need expect unsatisfactory echoes of it if this winter brings her again across the ocean. Never was a more charming Rosina heard in this city! In remembering the evening when she won a threefold triumph as a fine pianist, a superior violinist, and an unusual operatic soprano, thanks to her rather bewildering endowments and musical training, some of us can also smile over an earlier evening. It brought the *Barbiere*, and in the "Music-Lesson Scene" Madame Sembrich dared to try to sing Proch's "Variations" and Mozart's "Gli angui inferno" in a breath, so to say; she fared very ill in that business of sheer audacity, and as nearly annihilated Mr. Vianesi, whose conducting had led up to the failure, as can even a prima donna in a fury do it! If Mr. Damrosch should import Madame Delna, Madame Bellincioni, Ernest van Dyk, M. Rénaud, and perhaps Masini, he would give us the finer flower of the Continent's opera-houses that would be new to New-Yorkers.

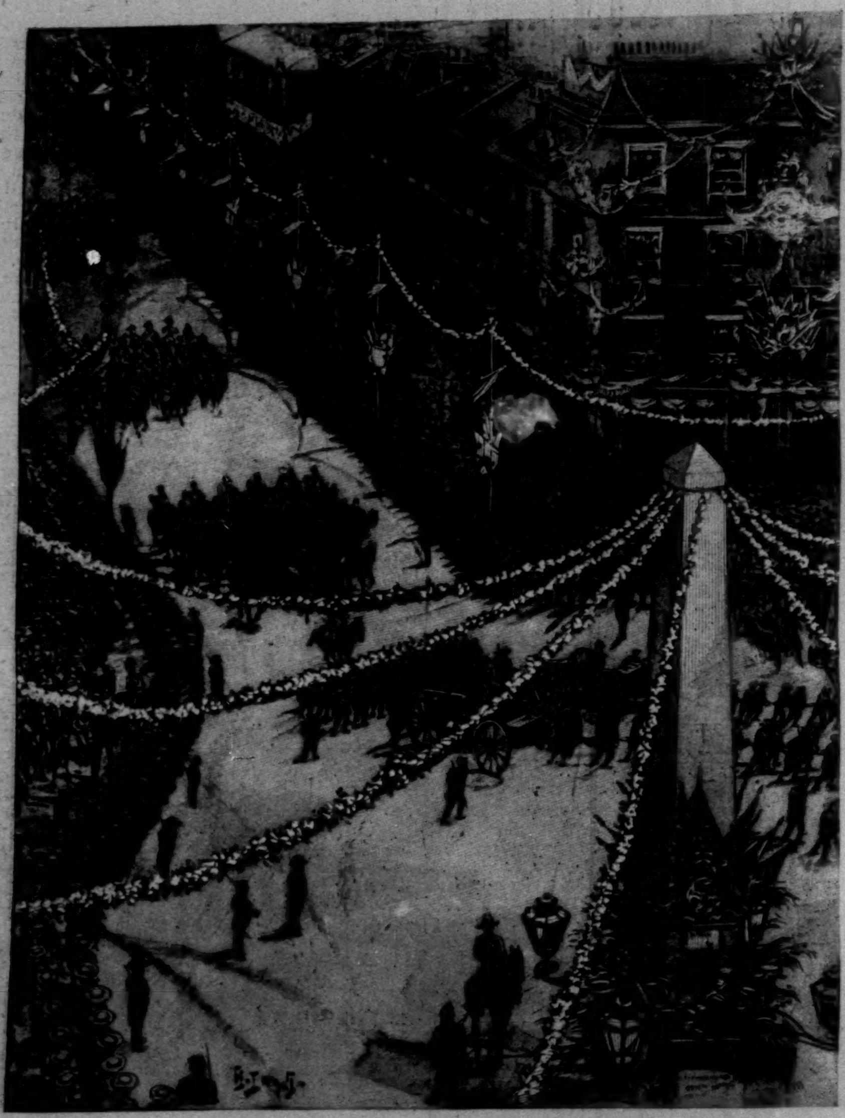
The rebellious goings-on of those luckless animals who are dragged into publicity in course of one opera or play or another, are too often a subject of rebuke, mirth, or terror to the audience. In New York we have given up producing Brünnhilde's steed, the redoubtable Grane; and it is well to avoid all mounts for the Valkyrs, ride they never so fiercely in the score. But we still have a nag or a cavalcade of nags in *Carmen*, *Tannhäuser*, *The Huguenots*, and other operas; and with their gawky movements and thumping hoofs and pieced-out tails they do not much embellish the swelling scene. But over in a Roumanian theatre what happens but an incident to strike dread even to a whole Metropolitan parquet! A horse, "a black horse," is prancing out in tin armor and much glory, in *La Juive*. His neck is clothed with—the best of velveteen. He becomes excited and unmanageable. He bolts the scene—but toward, not from the foot-lights! He throws his rider, he jumps into the orchestra, he smashes a double-bass and a double-bass player, he escapes destruction by a miracle, he scrambles out of the orchestra, he runs "the length of the side aisle" of the auditorium, and falls in a fit in the corridor—to be haled thence by the stage management. "Several ladies fainted." One would think any lady of distinction and a sense of the becoming at least might faint! Some evening we will be having a bit of this same sort of equine tragedy in our more sober lyric temple. There is one horse in the employ of the Metropolitan now who is thinking about just such an escapade.

Are we hankering for superior vaudeville shows or orchestral concerts in New York? with better playing and singing at them, and with more gracious auditoriums? Or are many good folk of wealth and taste only trying to revert to an ancient and so to say aristocratic exclusiveness in performances and listeners? That which is excellent but familiar can be distinctly glorified and turned to something not only rich but strange, if social conditions are enlisted to hedge it in. It would, however, be pessimism not to extend the glad hand to a new undertaking that sets out as ambitiously and seriously as "The Society of Musical Arts" (hardly a title of enough individuality), that purposes to give winter entertainments in the new Astoria Hotel. These performances will begin late in the evening and continue until midnight. Admission will be permitted only to subscribers, and a well-selected board of incorporation and more or less prudical direction includes such well-known men as P. Lorillard Ronalds, Jr., Cooper Hewitt, Norman de R. Whitehouse, Stanford White, George R. Glaenzer, Edward H. Wales, Robert Reid, Brander Mathews, Preble Tucker, George H. McLean, and John Dufais. E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

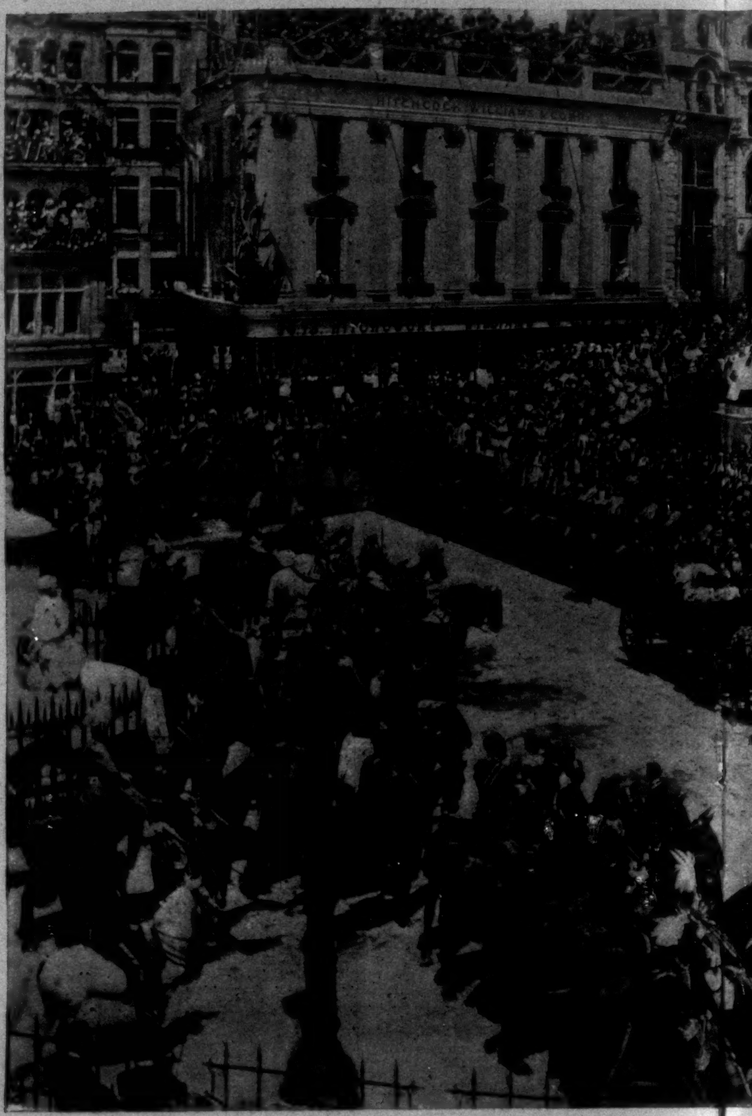


QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

The Queen's Entry into the City—the Lord Mayor presenting the Pearl Sword at the Griffin (where Temple Bar originally stood).—[See Page 690.]



PROCESSION PASSING SAINT GEORGE'S CIRCUS.

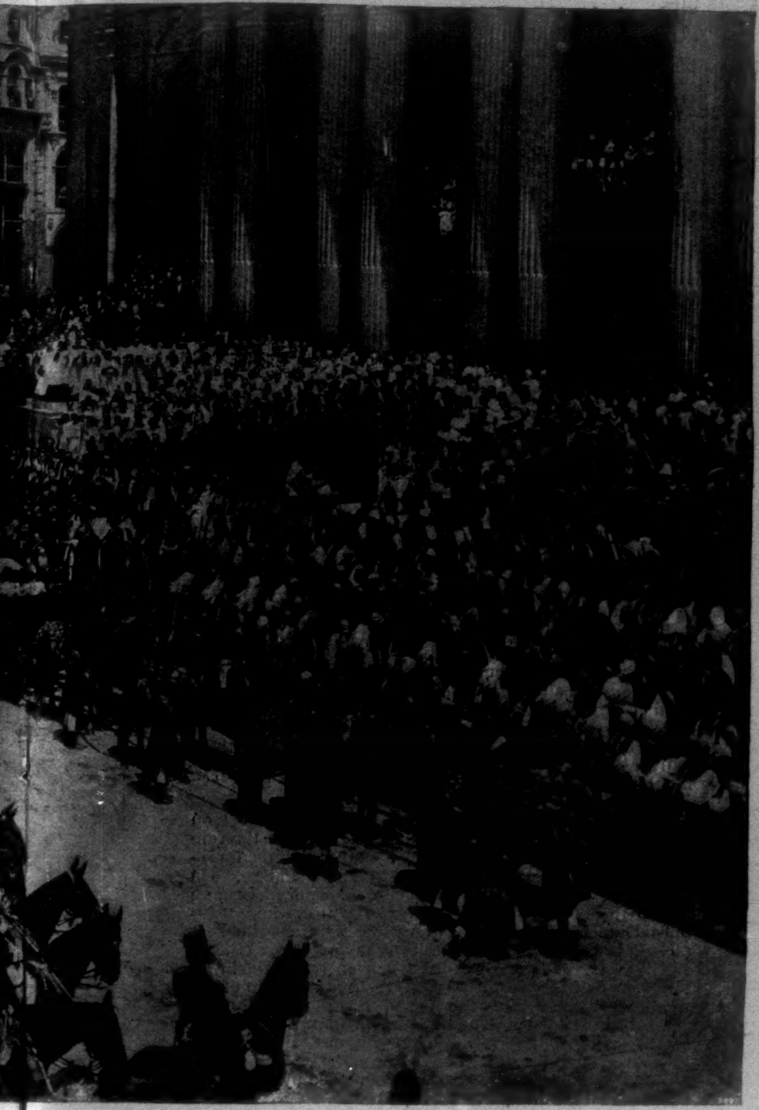


THE SERVICE A SA

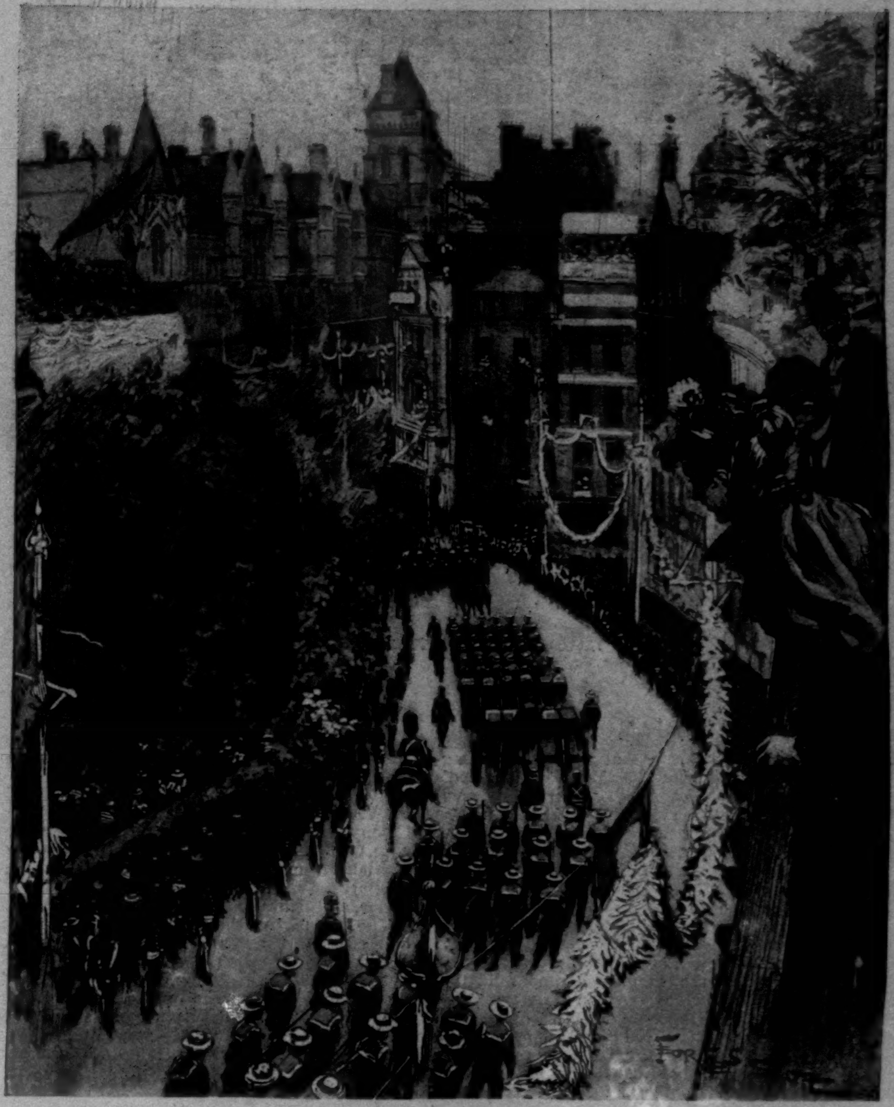
ARRIVAL OF LIFE-GUARDS AT SAINT PAUL'S—HEAD OF PROCESSION.

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES PA

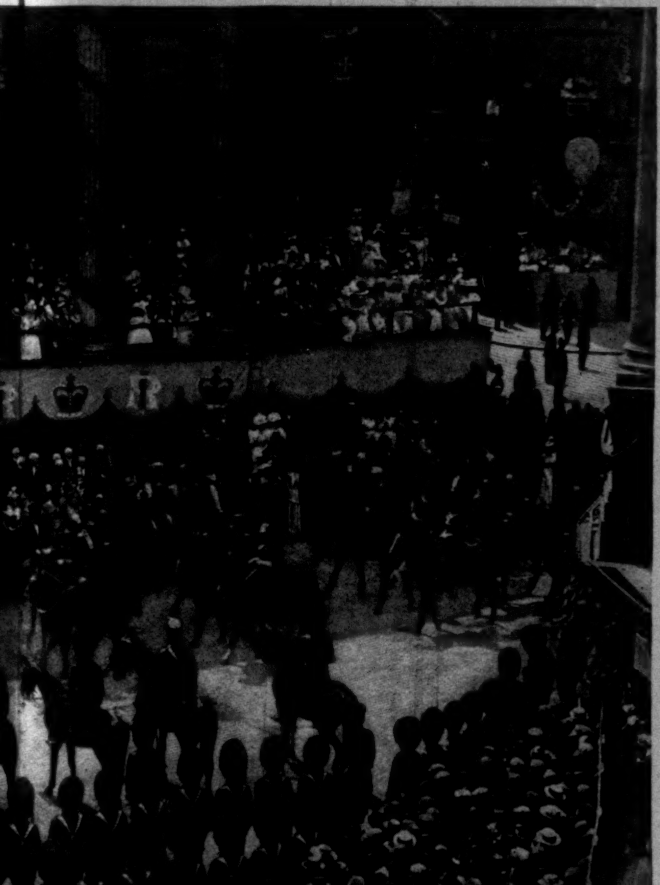
QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE—THE PROCESSION, A



AT SAINT PAUL'S.



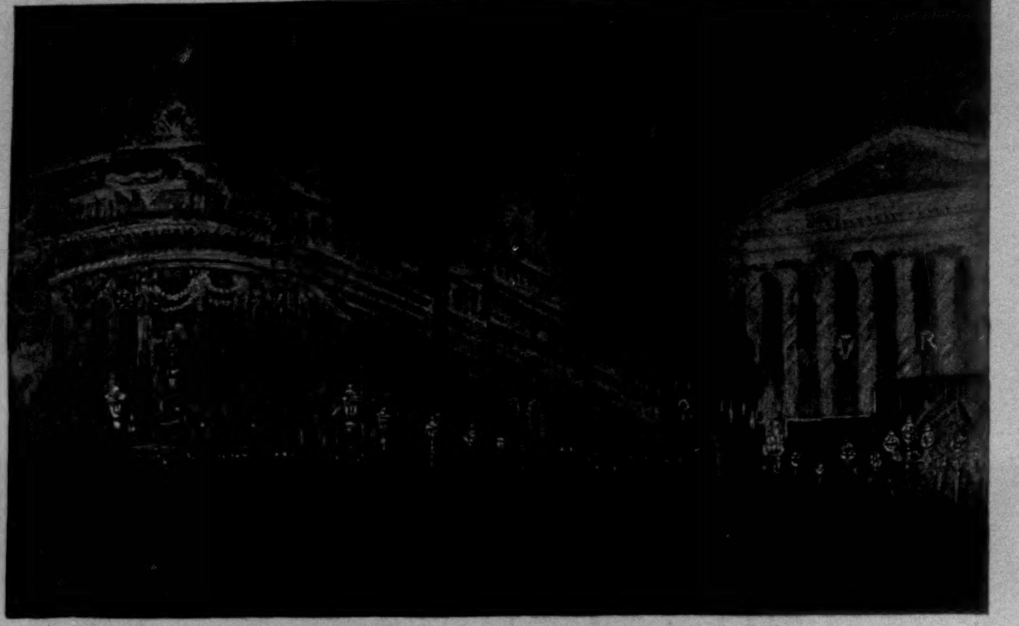
PROCESSION PASSING SAINT CLEMENT DANES CHURCH, STRAND.



ES PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE.

COLONIAL TROOPS PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE.

, AND THE SERVICE AT SAINT PAUL'S, JUNE 22.—[See Page 690.]



THE ILLUMINATION AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

THANKSGIVING services throughout the United Kingdom marked the beginning of the Queen of England's week, on Sunday, June 20. At St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, a private service was held, which was attended by the Queen, the members of the royal family, and a few intimate friends. A public service was held in the chapel in the afternoon, when Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was rendered by a chorus of 500 voices. At St. Paul's Cathedral the special Jubilee envoys, diplomats, and judges in their robes of state, were gathered to hear Bishop Creighton's declaration that the British had to commemorate not the growth of material prosperity during the Victorian era, not the extension and consolidation of the empire, but the gradual recognition of the truth that England must have a growing consciousness of her universal mission, which was founded on a belief in justice and righteousness. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the American ambassador, Colonel John Hay, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the special envoy, were of the Bishop's congregation. Bishop Potter, of New York, preached in the Windsor parish church. The Lords attended a special service in Westminster Abbey, the Commons in St. Margaret's Church, Baron Rothschild and the Lord Mayor of London in the great synagogue. Great crowds thronged the streets to view the decorations along the route to be traversed by the royal procession. Meantime the work of building the stands and otherwise completing the preparations went forward day and night.

On Monday the Queen, accompanied by Empress Frederick and the princesses Beatrice and Christian, alighted from the saloon-train at Paddington Station half an hour after noon. Long before this moment of arrival the city had intermitted all other business in order to organize itself, or to be organized by its police, into one vast and tremendously enthusiastic yet orderly committee of reception. Her Majesty was waited upon at the station by the Paddington Vestry, who presented her with an address of congratulation. Princess Christian handed the reply, in manuscript, to the Queen, who in turn gave it to Vicar Abbott, of Paddington. In substance the reply was an expression of her thanks and good wishes, and a coupling of the name of the Prince of Wales with that of the late Prince Consort in connection with charities which, the Queen felt, were not less dear to her son than they had been to her husband. An open carriage drawn by four horses, with postilions and out-riders, and escorted by a body of the Life-Guards, conveyed the Queen to Buckingham Palace. The vast crowds along the route cheered continuously. Pavements, balconies, and windows were packed with sight-seers. The royal standard was hoisted over Buckingham Palace at 1.05 o'clock.

At 7.30 o'clock on Tuesday, June 22, the streets on the north side of the Thames were closed to ordinary traffic; half an hour later they were similarly closed on the south side of the river. Owners of seats on stands were permitted to drive to them up to ten o'clock, but in point of fact many reached their seats in stands, or obtained access to the houses in which they had bought windows, as early as seven or half past seven. The Queen breakfasted at nine, at which time the special envoys began to arrive, the United States special envoy, Whitelaw Reid, being the first to appear. A little later came the princes who were to take part in the escort, and then the Duke of Cambridge, carrying his field-marshal's bâton and wearing the Ribbon of the Garter; then the Lord Chamberlain and a score of white-wand chamberlains. By 10.20 the carriages of the envoys were filled. Less than an hour afterwards the Queen slowly descended the stairs, assisted by an Indian attendant. At the foot of the stairway she paused for a minute, and by touching an electric button flashed this message around the world: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them." The Princess of Wales and the Princess Christian joined her, and at 11.12 the Queen's coach started, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Connaught as its immediate escort.

The march had begun at 8.45, with the Royal Horse-Guards in advance. Lord Frederick Roberts, commanding the colonial troops, came next, and then Canadian hussars, and dragoons of the Northwest police, and New South Wales Lancers and Rifles; and then the First Colonial Premier, Mr. Laurier (now Sir Wilfred Laurier), and a little later the other strong Colonial Premier, Mr. S. H. Reid; then Victorian and New Zealand mounted troops, and Cape of Good Hope Mounted Rifles, in scarlet and white, and the escort of Newfoundland's Premier, Sir W. V. Whiteway, and Natal troops, and typical Crown Colony troops, and local militia from Hong-kong, Singapore, Ceylon, Mauritius, Jamaica, St. Lucia, Bermuda, and zaptiehs from Cyprus, and Borneo Dyaks, and Trinidad field-artillery, and Sierra Leone militia, and British Guiana police, and haussas.

The first part of the procession was colonial. The second section, far less significant, was "emblematic of Britain's war strength."

When the third section, the royal procession proper, moved to join the rear of the military procession, the aides-de-camp of the Queen came first—a long list of names, very few of which—apart from those just mentioned, the Prince and the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught—would seem familiar to readers of the WEEKLY. The Duke of Westminster, as Lord Lieutenant of London, rode next, and after him a cavalcade of the headquarters staff; lieutenant-generals, major-generals, and field-marshals; officers of the auxiliary forces in attendance on the Prince of Wales; equerries, gentlemen-in-waiting, and foreign military and naval attachés; General Miles, representing the United States, and General Lagron representing France. A deputation from the First Prussian Dragoon Guards followed, and after the Germans came the officers of the imperial-service troops from India, and next came special envoys in eleven landaus from the royal mews. In the fifth carriage were the envoys of the United States, France, and Spain.

Other carriages followed, each drawn by four horses, and occupied as follows:

First carriage—Lady-in-waiting to Princess of Wales, Chamberlain to Empress Frederick, Lord-in-waiting to Queen, Chamberlain to Princess of Wales.

Second carriage—The Lady of the Bedchamber, the Mistress of the Robes to Empress Frederick, Lord Steward, and Lord Chamberlain.

Third carriage—Princess Alice of Albany, Princess Alice of Battenberg, Princess Ena of Battenberg, and the Mistress of the Robes.

Fourth carriage—Princess Victoria Patricia Connaught, Prince Arthur Connaught, Princess Victoria Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Feo of Saxe-Meiningen, and Prince Alexander Battenberg.

Fifth carriage—Princess Beatrice of Coburg, Princess Margaret of Connaught, Princess Louise of Battenberg, Princess Aribert of Anhalt, and Duke of Albany.

Sixth carriage—The Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, Princess Frederic Charles of Hesse, Princess Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, and Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

Seventh carriage—Princess Charles of Denmark, Princess Frederick of Hanover, the Duchess of Teck, and Princess of Bulgaria.

Eighth carriage—Princess Victoria of Wales, the Duchess of York, Princess Henry of Prussia.

Ninth carriage—The Duchess of Fife, Grand Duchess Sergius, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Tenth carriage—Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Coburg, Duchess of Connaught, Duchess of Albany.

Eleventh carriage—Empress (Dowager) Frederick, Crown Prince of Naples, Princess Louise, Duke of Coburg.

Two senior equerries rode by the carriage of the Empress (Dowager) Frederick.

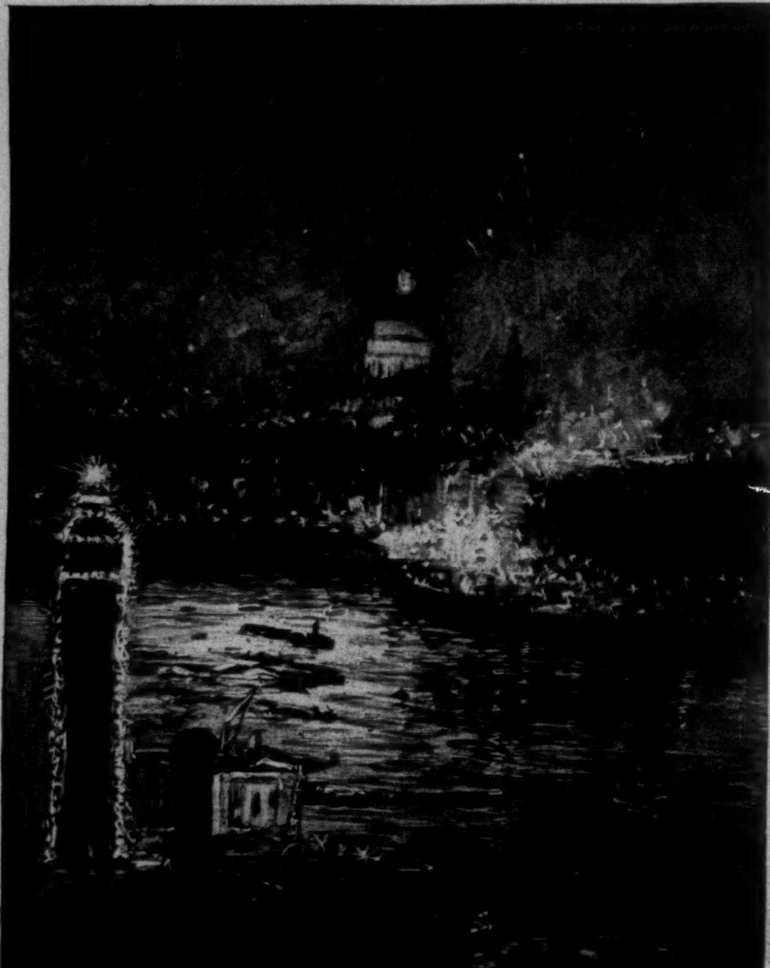
The colonial escort and the Second Life-Guards soon passed, and then the curiosity of a London crowd was fed almost to surfeit. With the Marquis of Lorn and the Duke of Fife at their head came a host of British and foreign princes and dukes.

The carriage in which the Queen rode was one with the appearance of which her subjects were familiar—a claret-colored landau lined with vermilion. The magnificent "Hanoverian creams"—eight of them in new harness—have already been illustrated in the WEEKLY. The other royal occupants of the Queen's carriage, and the royal horsemen who rode next to the vermilion wheels, have already been named. For an instant the spectacle was royalty; then the spectacle was loyalty.

Just before noon the Queen visited the Law Courts. On her arrival the Lord Mayor uncovered, and approaching her carriage presented the hilt of the City's pearl sword, which she lightly touched, in token that the homage or submission of the City was accepted. Then the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs took their places as the procession moved onward from Temple Bar to St. Paul's. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, the Bishops of Marlborough and Stepney, the Very Rev. Dean Gregory, and the clergy of St. Paul's awaited the Queen; and there were also representatives of every form of religious profession—of adherence and of dissent—in England, and even an Archbishop sent by the Czar. The service ended and the benediction pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Queen drove to the Mansion House, where a silver basket filled with orchids was presented by the Lady Mayoress, and the Queen said, "I am deeply grateful."

On her return the Queen reached the palace at 1.45.

The House of Lords and House of Commons met on Wednesday, June 23, for the purpose of passing the congratulatory address (moved on Monday), and then presenting it to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. On Thursday, June 24, about 300,000 of the poor of London shared the bounty of the Princess of Wales, whose "Jubilee Dinners" were given at various centres—the People's Palace, Central Hall, Wesleyan School-house (Clerkenwell), etc. The most superb marine spectacle in all the history of the world was reserved for the close of the week, when the fleet was drawn up in seven lines on the south of the Solent. One hundred and sixty-six British armed vessels, and some visiting foreign war-ships, manned by 45,000 men, were in line. The review of these ships gathered in the Queen's honor was concluded by the Prince of Wales on Saturday afternoon, June 26.



THE ILLUMINATION SEEN FROM THE THAMES.

A SHIP-BUILDER'S DUAL MONUMENT.

IT is a stately and enduring monument William H. Webb has builded for himself in the Academy and Home for ship-builders bearing his name which crowns the heights of Fordham. Some seven years ago Mr. Webb resolved to devote a portion of the generous fortune he had made as a ship-builder to the erection and endowment of a Home for poor and aged men who had worked on the hulls and engines of ships, a worthy and deserving class, for whom no provision was made by existing charities. Deeply interested in the future of an industry in which his own success had been so conspicuous, he also purposed that the projected institution should serve a double aim, and while furnishing a comfortable asylum for the old, should at the same time include a school where young men could be given free education in the art and science of marine architecture and engineering, both theoretical and practical, and in the craft of marine-engine building and the allied trades.

With these ends in view, Mr. Webb, in 1890, purchased thirteen acres of land on the loftiest part of Fordham Heights, and set about the building of the Home. After careful study of the needs and requirements of the institution, he designed with his own hands every portion of the building, and about all that was left for the architect employed was to put in the windows. The Home was built and furnished at an expense of $600,000; and Mr. Webb, having endowed it with $2,000,000, transferred it to a board of trustees, by whom it was opened to those for whom it was intended. The charter of the Home provides that within its walls there shall be "free and gratuitous aid, relief, and support to the aged, decrepit, invalid, indigent, or unfortunate men who within the precincts of the United States have been engaged in the craft of ship-carpentry, building of marine engines or any part or section of the hulls of vessels or engines thereof, together with their lawful wives, will be furnished. Furthermore, to furnish any worthy young man, a native or a citizen of the United States, who, after a careful examination by the trustees, shall have proved himself competent and of good character, with a free and gratuitous education in the art and science of marine architecture and engineering, both theoretical and practical, and also teach him the craft of ship-carpentry, marine-engine building, and the allied trades, with free board and lodging, tools, engineering implements, and materials while acquiring that education."

The Academy has been in operation a few years, and its success has already confirmed the generous wisdom of its founder. There are but three institutions of the kind in the world, and the Webb promises to become the most prominent and useful of the three. The Academy itself is an imposing structure of terra-cotta and brick, and commands a splendid view of the surrounding country. The main portion is four stories in height, with a high basement below, and a high trussed roof with two rows of windows at the top of the building. A great deck corridor runs around three sides of the building, with the basement extending underneath, lending strength and beauty to the structure, while serving as a source of comfort for the guests. The northern end of the building is six stories in height, with a tower 172 feet high at the western corner, which represents the shaft and lantern of a coast-light-house. At the southwest corner is a tower six stories in height, with a conical roof of tile. One tower has for a weather-vane a model of the man-of-war *Dunderberg*, the finest ship ever turned out of the Webb yards. She was intended for the United States navy, but, after the late war, was purchased by the French government.

Within, the building reminds one more of a great hotel than of a charitable institution, all of the furnishings and appointments being of the finest quality. The kitchen, laundry, bakery, and servants' quarters are in the basement. The kitchen, with which one of our illustrations deals, is a model in its way, while the laundry and bakery are supplied with every convenience that ingenuity has devised. On the first floor a splendid entrance-hall leads to the parlors, reception-rooms, library, offices, and the large dining-room, with the pantries and closets, which are located in the south end of the structure. Passenger and freight elevators are placed at either end of the main hall, and a broad doorway opens on the grand veranda encircling the south end and extending along the easterly side of the building. On the floor above are the guests' reception-rooms, the library—a great room filled with books of every variety—and the museum, an apartment of signal and instructive interest. Its walls are covered with the hulls of boats; specimens of ships and miniature vessels, completely rigged, are placed on stands, and the room is rich in models and drawings of ships, ancient and modern, of every style and make.

On the third floor are the apartments of the guests and students, by which names Mr. Webb, with considerate delicacy, insists that the old and young who enjoy his bounty shall be known. The guests' apartments are double, for the accommodation of husband and wife, and are fitted up in a way that must seem luxurious to their occupants, who doubtless knew little genuine comfort in their active lives. Each room is furnished with a bureau, wardrobe, wash-stand, and drawers—all of highly polished maple; the large double bed is of iron, painted white and gold; a carpet of pretty design covers the floor, and even the little ornamental scrap-basket has not been forgotten. The rooms of the students are furnished in similar manner, and all have an abundance of air and light. In one of the large and cheery round towers are the hospital (reproduced in one of our illustrations), the convalescents' room, and the nurses' bedrooms. Here are sick-beds, invalid-chairs, and all sorts of improved appliances for the ailing, while rooms have been provided for the friends of sick guests and students who may desire to have their friends with them when ill. Spacious bath-rooms fitted up with all conveniences are scattered about the dormitories, the building is heated by steam and lighted by electricity, and electric bells and speaking-tubes connect every room with the office of the superintendent—Mrs. West, a gracious lady admirably fitted for the varied and somewhat trying duties she is called upon to perform. Add to the thoughtful provisions already mentioned a large staff of well-disciplined servants, and what more could be needed to insure the comfort of the inmates?

And here it may be said that the score or more of old people who are now guests of the Home seem happy and wholly contented with their lot. The rules with which they are expected to conform are as few and simple as possible, and in a hundred ways they are made to feel that they are honored guests in the place where they are to end their days. Within reasonable limits their movements are unrestricted, and one would have to search long and far for a merrier, happier group than that which assembles of a pleasant afternoon in the smoking-room in the southwest tower to chat and smoke or enjoy a quiet game of cards. The artist has caught one of these groups of jolly veterans, and reproduced it with happy effect. Thanks to the forethought of the worthy wife of the founder, the old ladies also have a general meeting-room, where many a pleasant hour is passed.

The upper floors of the Academy are set apart for educational purposes, and here the students receive instruction in the art of ship-building. The class-rooms on the lower of the two floors are devoted to designing and drafting. Above are the carpenter-shop and the mould-room, where every feature of marine anatomy may be put together and explained to the assembled students. Mr. Webb, though his last ship was launched nearly thirty years ago, still takes a warm interest in the ship-building industry, and ardently desires to see more American-built ships on the seas, as in days gone by. He believes the building of ships in America can be encouraged in no more effective way than by the creation of a body of carefully trained builders, and to no feature of his projected institution did he give more careful and painstaking thought than to the nature and scope of the instruction to be furnished there. When the Academy was opened, late in 1893, candidates for admission came from all parts of the country, and from their ranks were selected some fifteen alert, active, and ambitious young men, who now comprise the senior class. A second group was admitted in the fall of 1894, and other classes are to be enrolled yearly hereafter.

Candidates for admission must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, must have a good common-school education, and show especial proficiency in mathematics. Other things being equal, the preference is always given to orphans or the sons of poor parents. The national character the Academy has already assumed is shown by the fact that among the students now enrolled are a number of young men from the Western States, while the New England and Middle States are also well represented. One of the most promising students is a farmer-boy from Michigan, who attended a district school for a few terms only, and who fitted himself for admission to the Academy without a teacher, in the intervals of hard work on his father's farm. At the outset considerable difficulty was experienced in securing competent instructors, but this difficulty has now been overcome. Konstantine Jansen, a Swede, who came to this country to enter the employ of the government some ten years ago, and who is a marine architect of fine ability and ripe experience, gives instruction in drafting and the construction of hulls; the classes in marine engineering are in capable hands, and Andrew Reed, resident manager of the home, and a noted ship-builder, who designed and superintended the building of all the vessels owned by the late Commodore Vanderbilt, instructs the students in the practical details of ship-carpentry. All branches of ship-building are taught at the Academy, and the course is to cover from three to four years. Thus in a few years the government will have at its command in the alumni of the Webb Academy a numerous group of trained marine architects who will prove a tower of strength in some unforeseen hour of need—a possibility which prompted Mr. Webb to lay the foundations of the Academy with exceeding care and upon the broadest lines.

No sketch of the Webb Academy and Home would be complete without some reference to the career and personality of its founder, one of the most remarkable men of his time. William H. Webb is now past eighty, but, thanks to temperate habits and a life of industry, possesses the vigor and mental alertness of a man of fifty. Mr. Webb's father was, like himself, a master ship-builder. As a boy the younger Webb was delicate and sickly, and when at the age of fifteen he asked his father's permission to go to work in the ship-yards it was refused, on the plea that "swinging the broadaxe"—the first lesson in ship-building—would be detrimental to his health. The lad persisted, however, and in the end was permitted to go to work in the yards at the ordinary wages of a workman—seven dollars per week. "For six years," he said not long ago, "I never missed a day at work except one week I took off. This vacation, too, was part of my education, for I went to visit the newly completed dry dock at the Charlestown Navy-Yard, near Boston. I had saved a little money, enough to see me through my trip, I thought, but I ran out of funds on my way back, and, rather than inform my father of my plight, footed it all the way home from Saybrook, Connecticut. My apprenticeship made me familiar with hard work. After my day's work I studied drafting at night. It was by candle-light, too—a tallow dip stuck into a block—and after I had made a mark with my pencil I would have to move the candle to see where the next mark was to go. I worked so hard that after I was of age my health broke down. I went to Europe in 1839, and shortly afterward my father died."

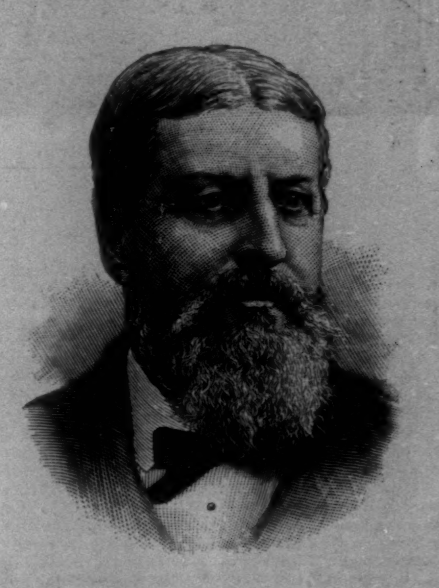
Mr. Webb returned home to find that his father, who had been popularly accounted a rich man, was a bankrupt. He had assumed debts, which he had carried along and was unable to pay. The outlook was a gloomy one, but Mr. Webb was not discouraged. He went the rounds of his father's patrons, told them that he intended to continue the business, and asked them for their patronage. He also called upon his father's creditors and requested an extension, assuring them that he would pay all in time. They admired his pluck and promised their support. In a few years Mr. Webb not only paid off all his father's debts, but built up a paying business of his own. During his career as a ship-builder he constructed more vessels than any one who had ever been in the business before him, and the Webb yards on the East River, between Sixth and Seventh streets, New York, became famous the world over. In all he built 150 vessels, ranging from a small fishing-smack to the largest ships afloat in those days.

The first one he ever turned out was a full-rigged brig, the first of its kind and also the smallest, being only 110 tons. She was very fast, and ended her days as a privateer on the Pacific.

By reason of the success thus achieved, orders came to Mr. Webb from many countries, among others one to construct two ironclads for Italy. At that time Mr. Webb had never seen an ironclad, but at once set to work, and so well was the Italian King satisfied with the results that he sent the builder a decoration.

He built three for Russia—one, the *General Admiral*, being the largest war-ship the world had ever seen. It was intended as a model for the Russians to build from, and revolutionized the building of war-vessels throughout the world.

From the first, Mr. Webb made it a rule of his life to save a percentage of what he earned, no matter how small. He married at the age of twenty-seven, and his wife, with whom three years ago he celebrated his golden wedding, proved an efficient helpmate. He invested his savings with care, his investments turned out well, and when he retired from business in 1869 he was a very rich man. He had always been a just and generous employer, and after his retirement continued to take a warm interest in his former workmen. In person he ascertained their condition, and, if they were in need, provided for their wants, paying their rent, and at his frequent visits leaving money for the comforts which the aged craved. The founding of the Webb Home was thus the natural outgrowth of many years of good works, and a charity as constant and free-handed as it had been unostentatious.



PROFESSOR G. M. LANE.

PROFESSOR GEORGE MARTIN LANE, of Harvard, who died in Cambridge on Commencement day (June 30), was a famous Latin scholar and teacher, and one of the best known and most esteemed of the older Harvard professors. He was born in Charlestown in 1828, but spent his childhood in Cambridge, where he went to school and later to Harvard College, and was graduated at Harvard in 1846, in the same class with Professors C. E. Norton and F. J. Child and Senator Hoar. At Commencement in 1846 he delivered the salutatory oration, and he made the Latin address at the inauguration of President Everett.

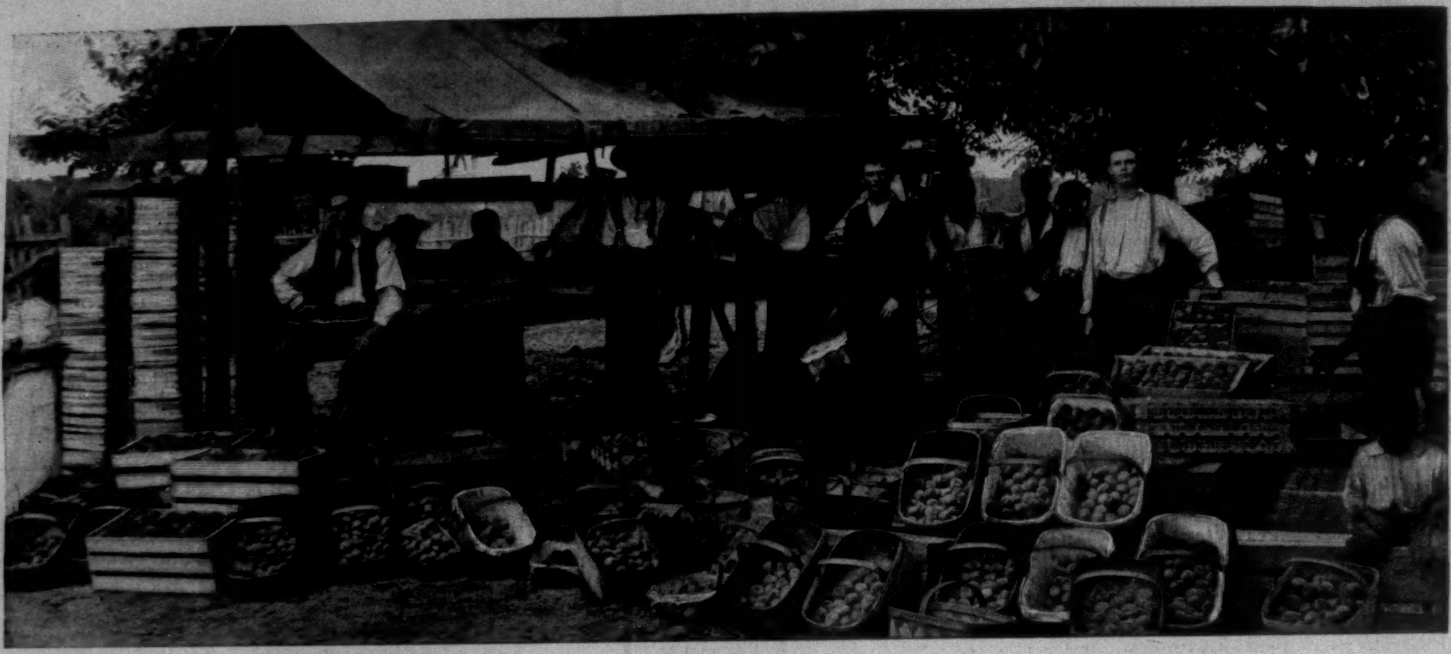
After a year of teaching at Harvard he went to Germany, and studied four years at Berlin and Göttingen, taking the degree of Ph.D. at Göttingen. In 1851 he was appointed University Professor of Latin at Harvard. He became Pope Professor of Latin in 1869.

In February, 1894, in a letter to the President and Fellows of Harvard, he resigned his professorship. The records of the meeting at which his resignation was considered run as follows:

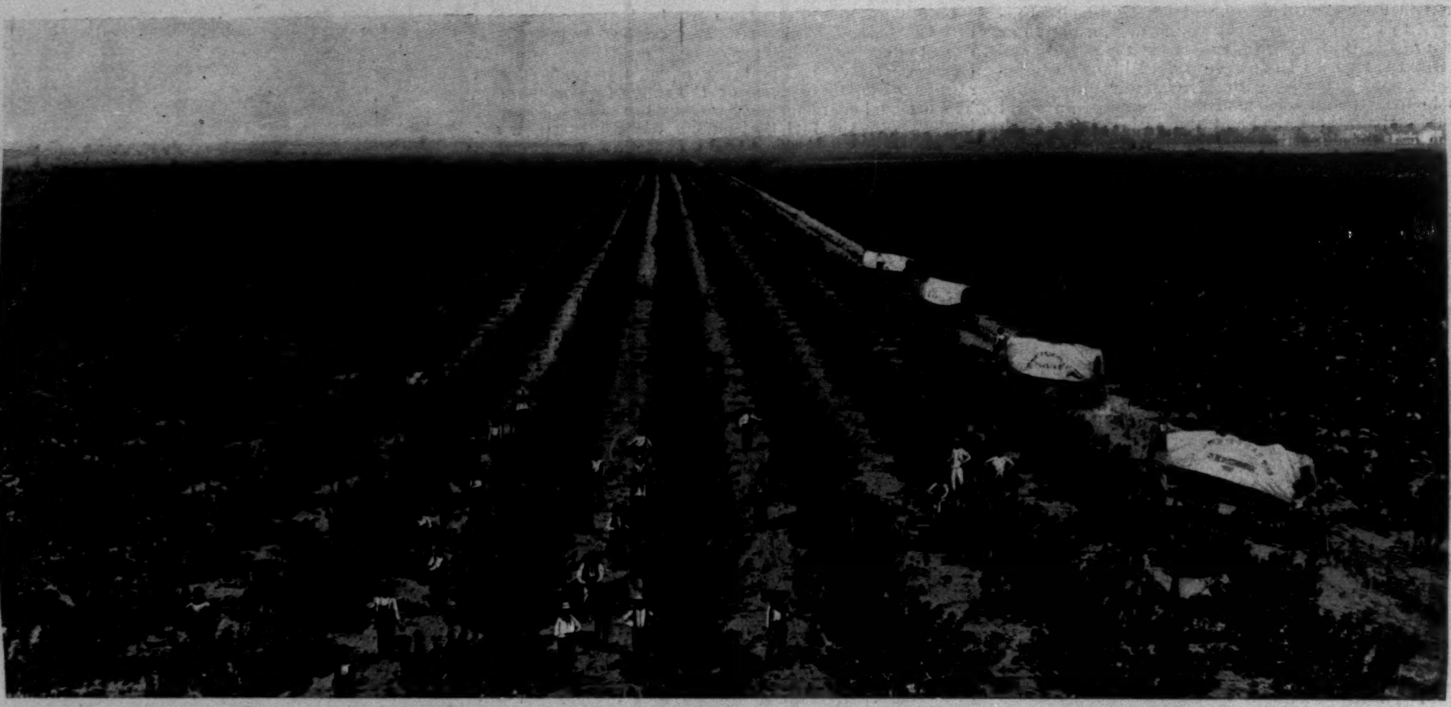
> *Whereupon*, in view of his services as full professor of Latin for forty-three years, and to mark their sense of the high value of that service to the university and to classical learning;
>
> *Voted*, That Professor Lane's resignation be accepted in accordance with his deliberate purpose and desire, to take effect September 1, 1894.
>
> *Voted*, To proceed to the election of a Pope Professor of Latin, Emeritus, from September 1, 1894, whereupon, ballots being given, it appeared that George Martin Lane, Ph.D., was chosen.
>
> *Voted*, To communicate this election to the Board of Overseers, that they may consent thereto, if they see fit.
>
> *Voted*, To pay to George Martin Lane, Pope Professor of Latin, Emeritus, a retiring allowance of $3000 a year from and after September 1, 1894.
>
> *Voted*, To request the Pope Professor of Latin, Emeritus, to give at his pleasure instruction to such advanced students as he may choose to receive, but without coming under obligation to give instruction during any definite portion of the academic year.

The substantial recognition shown in these resolutions is of a sort in which Harvard has rarely indulged. Professor Lane was exceptionally honored, both because of the unusual length of his term of service as professor, and because of the distinction his scholarship had brought upon the college.

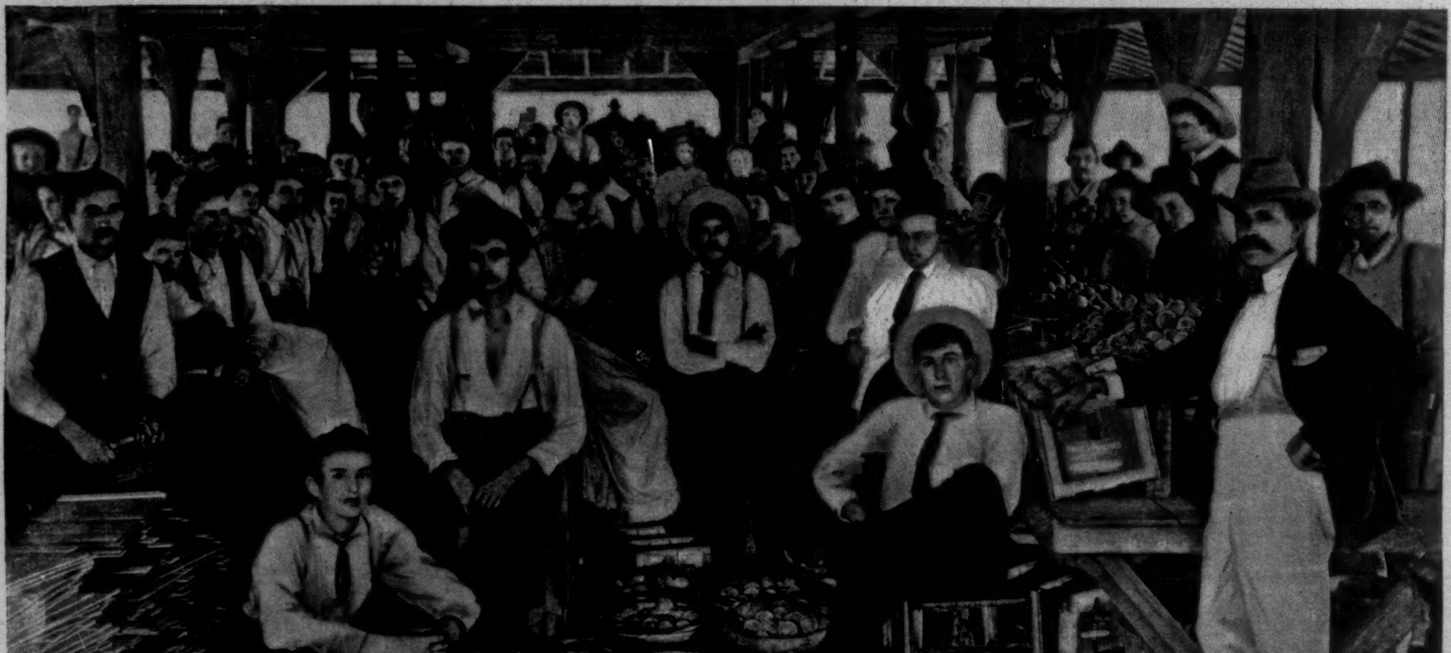
As an authority in Latin he was well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He busied himself all his life with the literature of his profession. His essay on the pronunciation of Latin was largely influential in bringing the present method into use. He helped in the making of Harper's Latin Lexicons, the second of which was dedicated to him. The great work of his life was his Latin Grammar, on which he had been at work for several years, and with the correction of which he had not quite finished at the time of his death, though the book is so far advanced that it is expected that it will soon be published by Harper & Brothers. Personally Professor Lane was much beloved in Cambridge, being a man of humor and of a capacity for fellowship, as well as a broad and ripe scholar. One of the lesser exploits for which he is known is the composition of the familiar college ballad about "The Lone Fishball," of which the story goes that, written as a joke on a fellow-professor, it leaked out, and became universally familiar and popular. Thomas Nast once used it as the basis for a cartoon in the WEEKLY about the Canadian Fisheries award.



PACKING THE FRUIT OF ONE OF THE SMALLER ORCHARDS.

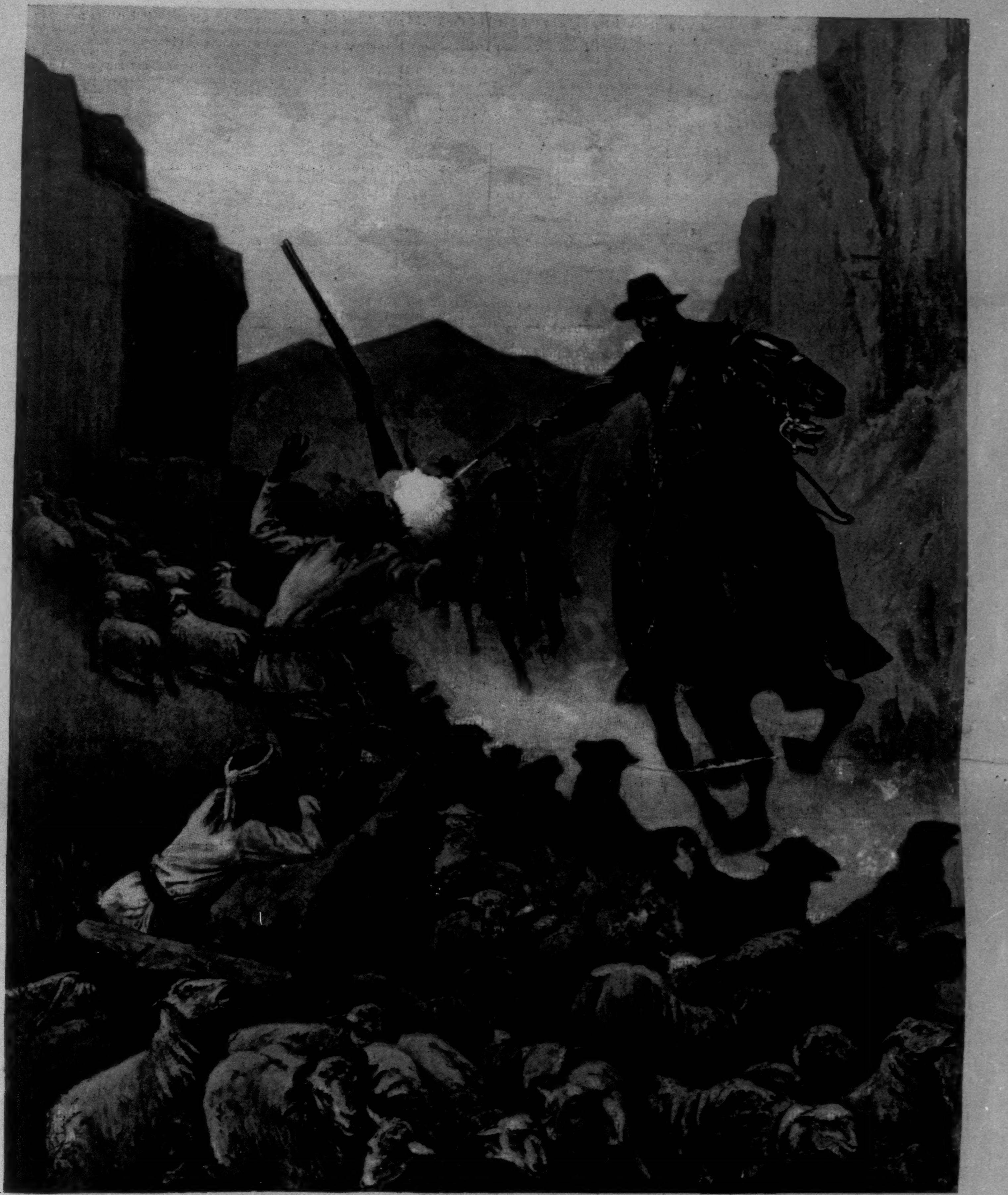


VIEW OF A LARGE ORCHARD—A SOLID BLOCK OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEACH-TREES.



INTERIOR OF A PACKING-SHED WHERE THE FRUIT IS SORTED AND GRADED FOR MARKET.

THE PEACH-GROWING INDUSTRY IN THE SOUTH—ORCHARD SCENES IN THE GEORGIA BELT.—[See Page 695.]



"THE CAÑON SOON BECAME A PANDEMONIUM, AND ECHOED TO SOUNDS NEVER HEARD THERE BEFORE."—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

AN APACHE INDIAN RAID, AND A LONG-DISTANCE RIDE.

BY A. H. NICKERSON.

In the days of their hostility the Apache Indians were the most expert thieves in the world, and in waylaying a miner, ranchman, or traveller they had few equals and no superiors. They could hide on ground where a partridge would not dare to remain for fear of being discovered. In stalking their quarry, whether it were man or beast, they would glide along undiscovered where a snake could not crawl without being detected. If the animals captured were living, and they wished to so retain them, it was a rare thing for them ever to be caught and their plunder taken from them.

They could get speed out of animals that were apparently about to breathe their last; and instances are quite common where soldiers have abandoned horses as unable to go a step further, and the Apaches have taken the same horses, immediately mounted, and ridden them fifty miles more without any appreciable rest. In fact, they not infrequently made the animal carry a double load, two of the wretches riding, whipping, spurring, and kicking the poor beast at the same time.

One day in the month of May, 1872, the ladies and children at Fort Whipple, near Prescott, Arizona, held a picnic at what was known as the Saw-mill Reservation, in the woods back of the post, and probably three or four miles away. Late in the afternoon several of the officers on duty at department headquarters, including myself, rode out to the picnic grove and took tea with the picnickers in the beautiful shade which the ladies had selected as their reception-ground. It was nearly sunset when we started back on our return. The women and children came in the ambulances and spring wagons, by the regular road in use in going to and from the mill, while we, who had come on horseback, returned by a shorter path or trail. This trail came down the mountain and entered the post by way of a narrow cañon, which in the rainy season contained a small creek, but at other times was simply the dry, sandy bed of the stream.

As we were slowly riding down this cañon I saw in the soft sand in front of me a sight that ordinarily would have attracted no attention whatever, but which at that time gave me a thrill of horror. It was only a single footprint, a freshly made moccasin-track, but it meant a great deal. As far as known, there were no Indians nearer than the Tonto Apaches, a wily, vicious band, that infested the rough mountainous region about a hundred miles southeast from Prescott. General Crook, with the bulk of the troops in the department, was operating far south of this, and the presence of that Indian, undoubtedly a Tonto Apache, indicated the proximity of others, and meant trouble in the immediate vicinity. My first thought, of course, was about the women and children of the picnic party; when, therefore, soon after our arrival at the garrison, and before we could start out to meet them, they came safely in, I was greatly relieved, and was congratulating myself on the possibility that nothing serious had occurred, when a messenger came dashing up to the post with the exciting intelligence that the Apaches had killed the herder and gotten away with Mr. Stevens's sheep herd. The Stevens ranch was not much more than a mile away from the fort, which was also department headquarters. The herd which the Indians had captured was probably the largest and most valuable sheep herd then in the Territory, and its capture as bold and impudent a raid as ever occurred in that locality.

At the post there were at this time only the fragments of two small companies, one of infantry and the other of cavalry; and the men were principally the ailing and the extra-duty soldiers usually employed in the care of the garrison, the abler portion of each company being with General Crook in the field.

As the general had left me in charge of the conduct of affairs in that vicinity, I instructed the commanding officer at the barracks to get together every man he could, and taking them, with a few department clerks, whom I armed, and a noted half-breed guide that we had brought from the northern country when we came to the department, I was soon on my way to the scene of the murder and capture.

On reaching the ranch we rode immediately to the spot where the herder's body, riddled with arrows and horribly mutilated, was found. A careful examination showed that the Indians had dodged him for several hours before their opportunity came. Evidently he had set his rifle down and commenced eating his mid-day meal when they surprised and killed him, using only arrows, which of course made no noise, and so attracted no attention from those stationed at the barracks. It was not until evening, when the man failed to come in, that the alarm had been given and search instituted.

It is only those who have witnessed it that can appreciate to its fullest extent the stampede that an incident of this character created in Arizona at this time. An Apache raid was enough to appall the stoutest heart, accompanied as it always was with sickening scenes of the most savage cruelty.

Having determined the hour of the day when the capture had taken place, we next proceeded to find the trail and direction taken by the marauders. The herd being so large, this would at first seem to be an easy matter; but as it was very dark, it was some time before we found the real direction in which they had gone. They had plunged directly back into the exceedingly rough and rugged mountains lying back of the post, and this accounted for the straggling moccasin track discovered in the cañon so near the station. The Indian who made it had evidently been sent to watch and report when the alarm reached the garrison.

They had taken the herd back in the mountains for two reasons: first, they would be hidden from the sight of any chance passers, and then, if we were to attempt to follow them in the night, we would find it extremely difficult, if not impossible. Immediately upon entering this rough region difficulties accumulated so rapidly that McIntosh, the half-breed guide, was in favor of waiting until daylight before we pursued them further. To this I would not assent. They had already at least six or eight hours start, and if we waited till morning they would have nearly twelve hours more. I had heard such fabulous accounts of the speed with which these Indians had been able to drive even flocks of sheep, that I felt certain if they were to have that much more start they would get away entirely. I decided, therefore, to continue following them, even if we were only to make a furlong an hour; we would at least be that much farther on our way when morning came.

It was a moonless night, and when the herd descended into one of those awful gorges that abounded in that locality, and which seemed to shut out even the starlight, it was almost impossible to find where the trail left it. One could barely grope his own way, without attempting to find where any one else had gone. The little tufts of wool which the thorny shrubs had occasionally pulled out of the fleeces proved to be our greatest help in these difficult passes. Then, too, a young bugler of the cavalry company developed a great facility in finding the missing trail. McIntosh was an old experienced trailer, and one whom General Crook considered to be the most expert he had ever seen, but on this occasion the boy musician excelled him. I venture to say that more than fifty times during that long and tedious night, when we felt that we must give up the pursuit, did we hear his boyish, cheery voice, calling, "Here it goes!" and again we would follow on, till some other obstacle once more brought us to a peremptory stand.

Towards morning we began to find great numbers of lambs strung along the trail with their throats cut. This we correctly interpreted to mean that the trail was approaching the travelled roads or the vicinity of ranches, and the Indians had killed the lambs to avoid attracting attention by their piteous bleating.

As the result of this persistent, determined, and ceaseless pursuit, at daybreak the next morning we were still on the trail, where it emerged from the mountains, and fully thirty miles from the place where the outrage had been committed. With daylight and the open country, following the broad trail was an easy matter; but the problem now was to follow it as rapidly as possible, and yet have enough reserve strength when we overhauled the savages to be able to punish them. I was fearfully anxious, and as the day wore away, and it appeared by the signs along the trail that they were still well in the lead, I began to be afraid that night would overtake us before we should overtake them. If this were to happen, I felt confident that by the next morning, at the farthest, they would get across the Verde River, be in the rough region known as the Tonto Basin country, where they would likely break up into small parties, and make further pursuit useless. In that event the ranchman, poor Mr. Stevens, would be poor indeed. The loss of that herd, valued at more than $20,000, would certainly ruin him. I well knew that in our front were the savings of his lifetime.

This thought haunted me; and the more I thought of it, the more frequently did I touch with my spurs the sides of my grand old horse "Ben," a splendid animal that had carried me over many hundreds of miles of Arizona desert, and which was to carry me over as many leagues more under equally trying circumstances. He was large, powerfully built, and responded to my every call as gamely as did ever the most noted racers to the urging of Jockeys Garrison or Taral.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon the trail led us down into a little valley that turned abruptly into a cañon, quite wide, but very irregular and rough. A number of little pools of water at the entrance were still roiled, showing that they had been disturbed but a few minutes before, and I knew that we were drawing very close to our enemy.

I called the officers of the two companies, Major Boyle and Captain Wesendorff, and told them that while the nature of the ground would prevent any very strict observance of tactics or command, yet it would be best, as far as possible, for each officer to lead his own men. I should try to be at the head of the clerks and detached men from department headquarters, they and all to follow when I started, which I should do immediately we overtook the savages.

In a few minutes more we were upon them, the poor sheep greeting our appearance with a piteous outburst of bleating, like the applause given on the appearance of the leading artist in an opera. This was really our signal to charge, no other being given or required. It was a fearfully rough place, obstructed by huge bowlders, gnarled old trees, and logs. A carpet-knight cavalryman would have considered it the last place into which a mounted squadron should be precipitated, but these hardy frontier soldiers plunged into it as recklessly as if it had been the smoothest esplanade in the world, and they simply giving a sort of Midway Plaisance performance.

Every man was soon virtually his own commander, and between the clattering over the rocks, the clash of the accoutrements, the mingling of the sheep, the Indians, the troops, the shouting and firing, the cañon soon became a pandemonium, and echoed to sounds never heard there before, and quite unlike any others likely to be ever heard there again.

One voice in this confusing medley could be heard above all other sounds. I had been told that the saying "he swore like a trooper" was supposed to express the very acme of profanity, but I never until that day fully realized the truth of the aphorism. The first sergeant of the cavalry troop was an Irishman named Barrett. In his demeanor he had always appeared to be one of the most unobtrusive, mild-spoken men in the world. The instant the command had started to charge, however, this silent, inoffensive-looking man underwent a complete change. Spurring his horse to the front like a madman, with each shot from his revolver and every jump of his horse he fairly shrieked every epithet and oath that was ever coined or thought of. His demure mouth had immediately become a roaring volcano, from whence the oaths poured in an unbroken stream. If those old adepts in obscenity and blasphemy, Rabelais and Voltaire, could have heard him, they would have dropped their pens and listened in sheer envy. The sulphurous stream that poured from the lips of this grim old soldier never ceased until the last Indian had disappeared. I have always fancied that those wild Apaches, who, like all other Indians, seemed to learn profanity before any other part of the language, must have thought that he was some incarnate fiend that had seen service as a member of the destroying angel's body-guard. Most of the Indians slunk away in their usually deft manner, but a few remained long enough to pay the death-penalty for their rashness. On my part, I can thankfully say that I was well satisfied to recover the herd so nearly intact—the only losses being the few that the marauders had killed and eaten and the lambs that they had destroyed in the mountains.

Men and animals were so exhausted that we camped very near the place where we had overtaken the rascals, and as soon as we had posted our guards and had our coffee, we each, men and beasts alike, selected a soft spot on the bosom of our common mother—Earth; and as we, the pursuers, had had the harder task, I am sure that no crowned head resting on downy pillows could have slept more soundly than did we after our long and perilous ride.

The ranchman was almost beside himself with joy the following day, when I met him and informed him that, with the exceptions above noted, we had recovered his whole herd. Had I permitted him, he would have given me a most substantial reward; and when I refused absolutely, telling him we had simply done our duty, he replied: "Ah, yes, captain; but suppose you had followed the advice of that old and experienced guide, and waited till the next day before you pursued the Indians—that would have been doing your duty too, would it not? And yet, had you done so, everybody now knows that to-day I should be a pauper!"

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Berlin, *June 19, 1897.*

SUBJECTION OF THE GERMAN CITIZEN TO THE GERMAN OFFICIAL.

What should we think if the large army of governmental employés in the Post-Office, Custom-House, Police, and other administrative bureaus generally, could invade the rights of private citizens, while private citizens were prevented from punishing the offending official? Would we not think that our servants had become our masters?

Most assuredly.

One of the great evils in Germany is the blind belief entertained by the large mass of people that the government alone can do good. The consequence is that the government is allowed, little by little, to absorb the various interests that with us are left to private capital and energy. Not content with administering the Army, Navy, Post-Office, Customs, and Police, the government controls the great body of officials associated with the management of telegraphs, railroads, express delivery, mines, forests, highways, and even the insurance of workmen's lives. In addition to all this it has charge of the schools and the clergy.

This great army of men, feeding off the taxes of the people, soon come to realize that if they behave with proper deference and diligence towards their chiefs, they need trouble themselves very little as to whether they do or do not please the people. In fact, they cannot but see that public sentiment has very little weight compared with official power. They are all in league to strengthen the belief that government can do all things, and that local or private enterprise is helpless. Any citizen who attempts to fight the abuse of an official is not fighting an individual, but an organization of hundreds of thousands of officials.

The manner in which official tyranny can be exercised with the greatest danger to the liberties of the people is in suppressing the right of the press to discuss public affairs. The editor who dares criticise an official act or method has no remedy worth mentioning should the police close up his printing establishment and clap him into prison. The official has every facility in punishing a newspaper that attacks it, but the newspaper has no means of protecting itself adequately against an unjust attack by an official in crown livery.

Not many years ago (1887) a paper called the *Elmshorner Zeitung* was suddenly suppressed by the local police. In a few days, however, a telegraphic message was received from the Secretary of the Interior reversing the action of the police, and admitting that the government had done wrong in stopping the publication.

It is immaterial whether the paper suppressed had a circulation of 1000 a week or 100,000 a day, whether the publication represented an outlay of $100 or $1000 a day, or whether the receipts from the ordinary sale of the paper were $1000 or $10,000. In principle the action of the police was the same, whether the suppression of the paper caused the editor a loss of $1000 or $100,000. If government officials can arbitrarily close a newspaper office in a little village, they can do the same to any metropolitan daily. And even though they only stop it for a few days, they can inflict a pecuniary loss running up into a small fortune for an ordinary man.

If, however, an act of this kind were done in America or England, and it proved afterwards that the officials engaged in the business had been acting beyond their instructions or powers, you may be sure that many hours would not pass before these same officials would be summoned before a court of law to answer charges brought against them by those who had suffered at their hands.

The *Elmshorner Zeitung* proprietor did not prosecute the officials who had caused him so much unnecessary loss. He knew only too well that more time and more money would be spent in this way, and that in the end he would certainly not get justice.

Those who are always advocating laws that will hand over more powers to government will learn much by looking closely into German life to-day. They will see more clearly as they look more nearly that the greatest curse hanging over Germany is not the sword of the enemy, but that exaggerated faith in the omnipotence of government officials which is surely undermining all local effort or private endeavor.

Yesterday, as I was paddling my canoe *Caribee* through one of the beautiful reaches of the Havel near Potsdam, I stopped for a chat alongside of two fishermen who were seeking pike and eels along these reedy shores. They were professionals, members of a fisherman guild which has a charter nearly one thousand years old. They were much discouraged, they said, and, oddly enough, traced their misfortunes directly to the particular government officials who draw salary nominally for the purpose of assisting them. Said the elder of them to me: "Our curse is that we are tormented by officials, who sit at their desks and draw up petty police regulations which make our work difficult and do not benefit the fishing in general. These officials know nothing about our life, and don't know the mischief they do us.

"We who have every interest in preserving these waters for many years to come are never consulted. We are simple fishermen, and do not know how to get justice. If we complain to the officials, they tell us to send in a written document, and we don't know how to do it. If we could only tell the Emperor what we endure, I'm sure he would help us.

"Look here," continued he. "All around us you see sign-boards full of writing ordering us *not* to do things. At that point we dare not fish; at the other it is also forbidden; yonder is a third which we must also avoid—all three in sight. Over there we may not land; over yonder we may not even bring our boat close to shore for the night. In all these woods and lakes are officials, drawing government salary, who do nothing but make life difficult for those of us who are working hard for a living."

Then he closed significantly with these words: "I love the Emperor, and am as patriotic as any one; but you cannot wonder if I vote for any party that promises a change from this sort of thing."

An illiterate fisherman in the reedy recesses of Brandenburg is not a Nestor on the present state of Germany, but he may help us to discover where the shoe of state pinches. This man, at any rate, holds an opinion in common with very well-informed merchants at this moment. We are just now witnessing in Germany the strange spectacle of an economic war between the agricultural and the mercantile interests of the country. The conflict is curious in that the aristocracy, the army, and the court influence are with the land-owners, while the merchants and manufacturers represent only intelligence and progress. The landed aristocracy desire high prices for their crops, and think it right that the rest of the country should give the prices they desire rather than buy wheat and pork from America. The industrial classes, on the contrary, think that food should be cheapened, so as to enable Germans to compete more successfully with English manufacturers. There is the simple issue—class against class—those who seek protection and those who invite competition.

The landed aristocracy have caused the German police to prevent all produce-exchange transactions, hoping thereby to improve the price of their foodstuff. In consequence, the Berlin produce merchants dare not come together for the transaction of business, and the millers do not know what is the market value of grain or what they can secure for the next six months. Chaos is in the German produce trade, all because men ignorant of commerce are intrusted with official powers.

Unkind people might say, "How German!" but, on the contrary, it is most un-German. In army matters the secretary for war is always a soldier; the naval minister is always a sailor; the law minister is always a trained jurist; and the chief medical officer is a physician. It is only in the vital matter of commerce that the German government selects, not a merchant as a specialist in political economy, but a mere routine official, who bungles along like a bull in a china shop—interfering with Commerce rather than assisting her. This partly explains why Germany does so little in her colonies, and why her people emigrate so cheerfully to colonies belonging to other powers.

Poultney Bigelow.

THE DAISY'S VIGIL.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

A new-born daisy loved a passing star
And shyly drooped her head.
And when again she turned her gaze afar
The meteor had sped.

And now through all the summer nights and days
While centuries go by,
She watches for her star, with eager gaze
Turned upward to the sky.

THE GEORGIA PEACH BELT.

BY L. J. VANCE.

Last summer, when I stopped at a fruit-stand in Washington Market, I heard a customer say: "I do not want the California peaches, for they don't have much taste. Give me the Georgia fruit, if you have it." And the man was right in his choice. The California peach in Eastern markets will not compare in fineness and flavor with the Georgia product.

It is now about ten years since the Georgia growers began to ship peaches in any quantity to Northern markets. Year after year the crop has been growing larger and larger, until to-day Georgia is the greatest peach-growing State of the Union. Delaware, Maryland, and California follow in the order named. Last year the Georgia peach crop amounted in round figures to 6,500,000 baskets, which is only one-third less than the product of all the Northern States together. She is one of the three leading States in the production of pears, and of course the Georgia melon crop is without rival in quantity and quality.

About thirty years ago, as the story is told by Colonel John D. Cunningham, of Marietta, himself one of the prominent and successful peach-growers of the State, the first peach orchard of any extent in Georgia was planted for the purpose of sending the fruit to Northern markets. In the winter of 1867-8 his father, the late Judge Cunningham, set out an orchard of forty acres at Orchard Hill, in Spalding County.

A few years later Mr. Samuel H. Rumph, of Marshallsville, began to plant peach-trees. The name of Rumph will always be associated with the celebrated Elberta peach. This peach—large in size, beautiful in color, and delicious in flavor—originated in the Rumph orchard, and is to-day the standard early peach of the South.

According to Colonel Cunningham the two things that have done so much for the Georgia peach-growing industry are the introduction of the Elberta peach and the use of the improved refrigerator-car. At first the bulk of the fruit grown was early peaches of inferior size and flavor. This early fruit was so poor in quality that a small quantity sufficed to supply the demand. Many people preferred to wait until the Delaware and Maryland peaches came into the market.

The first shipments of Georgia peaches were all made by express. The rates were very high—$4 per hundred pounds. The time consumed in getting the peaches to New York and other Northern markets was four days. It being in summer, many consignments reached their destination in a more or less damaged condition.

In 1881 refrigerator-cars were first introduced. They had such a small ice capacity that it was necessary for an attendant to go along to keep the chamber filled with ice and salt, while bags of salt and ice were suspended from the roof. These and similar cars were used until 1889, when they were superseded by cars of improved pattern, having the ice capacity of the old cars and requiring no attendant.

This brings the Georgia peach industry down to 1890. From 300 cars shipped in 1889 the crop has grown until it reached 1000 car-loads in 1896. There has been an enormous planting of peaches in middle and southern Georgia. This region is one of the great fruit-producing districts of the country, and with cheap and rapid transportation and established fruit lines, in the next five years it will become a formidable rival to California.

The Georgia peach belt, as it is now called, is a strip of territory that begins about forty miles below Atlanta at Griffin, and extends south 150 miles to Tifton, ranging in width from ten to thirty miles. This belt follows, in the main, along the line of the Central Railroad of Georgia from Griffin to Macon, and from Macon to Americus; along the Georgia Southern and Florida Railroad from Macon to Tifton. There are, of course, extensive orchards outside these limits, but the heavy blocks of peach-trees extend, roughly stated, along the lines above named.

It is estimated that there are about 2,500,000 peach-trees in bearing in this Georgia belt, and between 100,000 and 200,000 more trees planted and growing. Along the line of the Central Railroad alone there are 1,600,000 peach-trees, and along the Georgia Southern some 500,000 trees.

The figures are not at hand to show how much money is invested in the Georgia fruit belt, but it runs into several millions of dollars. The industry is yet in its early stages, but already it has wrought wonderful changes in the State. It has raised the value of old and worn-out cotton-fields from $5 to $25 per acre. It has brought an immense amount of outside capital into the State, for some of the largest and most successful growers are Northern men. It has stimulated enterprises of various kinds, such as canneries, cider-mills, ice-plants, crate and basket factories. It gives employment to thousands of men, women, and children, and finally the business of fruit-culture has opened a field for future industrial development that will grow greater as the years roll by.

The enormous planting of peach-trees in the Georgia fruit belt is owing to the confidence that is placed in the crop. One big yield will often pay for the whole orchard, including land and labor. There has been only one or two seasons within the past ten years when a Georgia peach orchard did not bear a profitable crop. The profits of some of the big growers have been very large. Several years ago Mr. Rumph sold the crop on the trees in his Marshallsville orchard for $60,000. The small growers have done equally well, and some of them have cleared $5000 on their peach crop in a season. One Fort Valley grower, with an orchard of ten acres, sold his crop in 1892 on the trees for $2500 cash, or at the rate of $250 an acre.

The larger number of peach orchards in the belt consist of from 3000 to 5000 trees—that is, from twenty-five to fifty acres. Next to these are the orchards consisting of

(*Continued on page 696.*)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

BLENDING HUNTER RYE WHISKEY.

The blending of whiskeys is rapidly rising, if not to the level of a fine art, at any rate to the dignity of one of the exact sciences. Apparently it is a most simple process, but if it be exercised in its ideal perfection it requires the keenest discrimination and the closest attention to every detail. The theory in blending is to combine in one product all the prized characteristics found in different types, but never present altogether in a single "straight" whiskey. Mixing, however, is not blending. The task is only begun when the component parts are put together, and, however well matured the various constituents may be, the object of blending is practically missed if facilities be not given for the development and absorption, for the intercommunion and commingling, of the several vegetable oils and volatile ethers, and for their gradual combination into one perfect and harmonious whole.

These points are gradually finding increased recognition among blenders, and various means are adopted to attain the desired end. One device, for which Messrs. William Lanahan & Son are responsible, has for its main idea the application of the well-known principles of heat and motion by perfect aeration of each and every particle to secure maturity and development, as well as a most thorough and intimate amalgamation of all the ingredients of the blend; the ingredients being Standard Brands of Well-Matured and Finely Developed Maryland Ryes. The apparatus designed to affect this purpose has been erected by this firm at a large expense; the receiving cisterns or vats holding 45,000 gallons of whiskey. It is in these vats that the blending is done, they being eight in number. The whiskey in each vat is subjected to ten thousand revolutions in ten hours. It is very properly claimed that this enormous amount of motion and aeration has the effect of completely removing all impurities, and that the result of this continual agitation of the whiskey is an improvement and mellowing down consequent upon the enormous evaporation that can be accomplished in no other way. The greatly renowned brandy houses of France and the sherry houses of Spain, in putting upon the market their fine products, always offer a blend of their respective goods. The business of producing fine blends has been in existence in Europe for more than a century, while in this country it is comparatively in its infancy. The public can feel assured that they can always secure better uniformity and better-matured goods, possessing more intrinsic merit in reputable blends, than in any other class of whiskeys.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is a world-renowned article—beware of imitations.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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(Continued from page 695.)

from 10,000 to 30,000 trees, and with good care and with fair prices they will yield an income of from $5000 to $10,000 annually. Above these are several peach orchards of from 50,000 to 100,000 trees, the largest two in the belt being those of the Ohio Fruit & Land Company and the Hale Orchard Company, both near Fort Valley. From the top of the packing-shed, which is the central station in the Hale estate of 900 acres, one can see long straight rows of peach-trees stretching out for almost a mile in all directions.

Long before the fruit is ripe great preparations are made to harvest the crop. In large orchards the arrangements are on an extensive scale. For example, to move the immense crop of the Hale orchard 100,000 crates and 600,000 baskets were required last year. These are all made at the saw-mill and crate factory located on the place. During the busy season eighteen four-mule teams, four one-mule teams, and a force of 350 hands carry on the work.

In the large orchards the gathering is done by men and women, who are divided into squads of ten or fifteen each. They are under the supervision of an overseer, whose business it is to see that all peaches of the proper degree of maturity are taken carefully from the trees. The pickers are taught to judge of the maturity of the peach by its color, not using any pressure of the fingers. Each picker has a number, and in every basket of fruit which is gathered he or she must put a ticket with his or her number printed upon it.

This system is carried all the way through, from the picking of the peaches to their shipment; so that if a basket of poor peaches reaches the superintendent who makes the final examination, it can easily be traced back to the person who is responsible for it. The fruit is first gathered in half-bushel baskets, which are taken to the roads and avenues running across the big blocks of trees. Low spring wagons with broad-tired wheels are used to carry the crop to the packing-house or sheds. Here the peaches are carefully turned into a fruit "sizer," or assorter, which, without bruising them in the least, separates the fruit of different sizes into grades known as extra, choice, prime, and common.

The different grades of fruit are taken to packing-benches, where only peaches of a certain grade are handled. The benches extend the entire length of the building. The sorters and graders stand on one side, while the packers face them on the other side. An interesting sight it is to see a group of young people at work with nimble fingers and tongues. There is more or less gossip, and a pleasant exchange of wit and repartee. The illustration on another page will give the reader some idea of the people who make up the gathering.

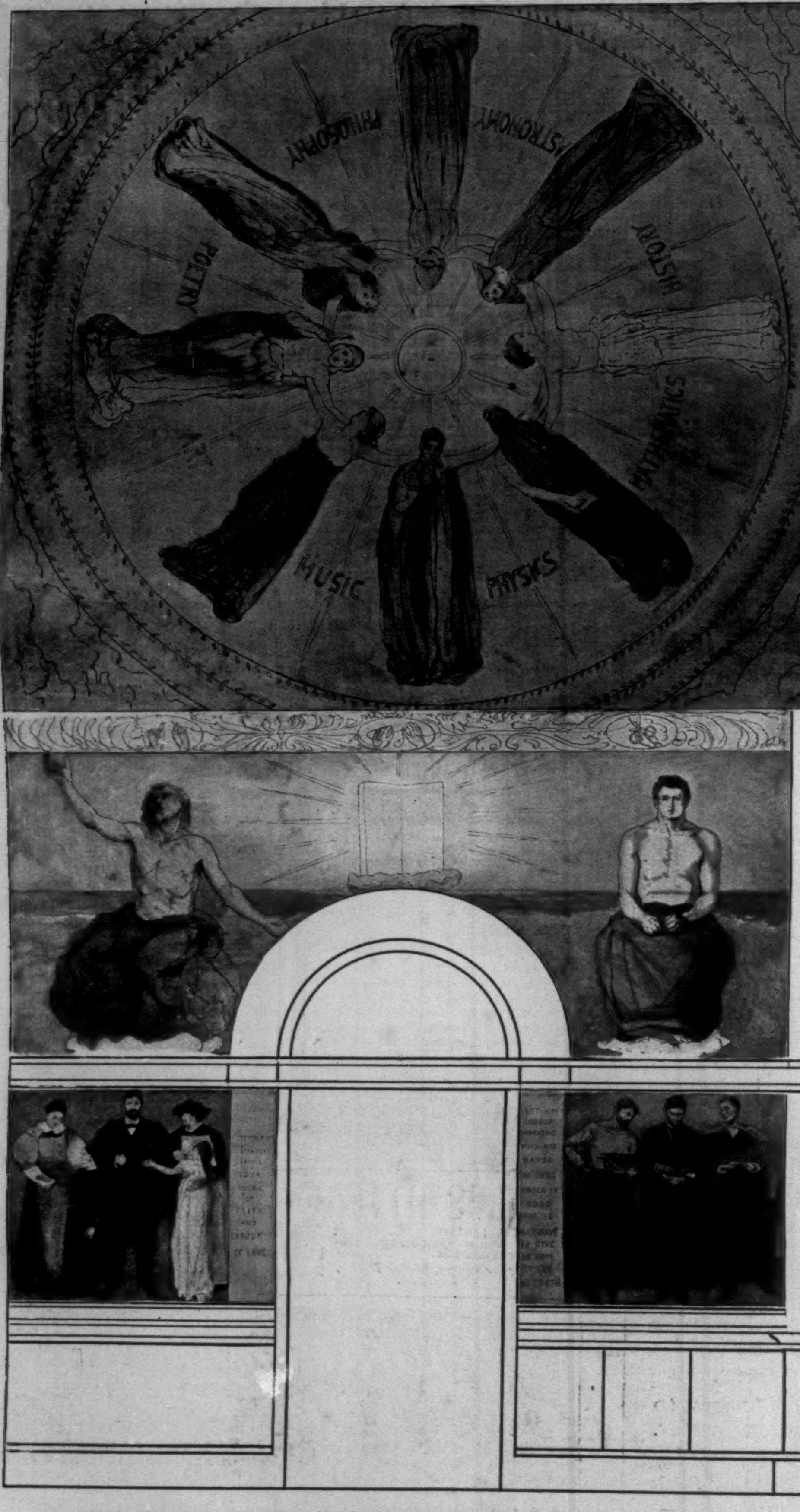
The fruit is packed in baskets holding four quarts each, then put into crates, each holding six baskets. The crates are stencilled with the orchard brand and the grade. As the cost of the package, icing, and freight from Macon to New York and Boston is about $450 per car, it pays to send only first-grade fruit to these points. The second grade is shipped to near-by markets, while the third grade is used by the several canning establishments in the neighborhood. The remainder, or "culls," are fed to the pigs on the farm.

Many of the peach orchards are along the lines of the railroads, and a switch runs up the side of the packing-house. From 500 to 550 crates are put in a car, space being given to allow the cold air to circulate freely between the crates. Growers back from the railroads haul their fruit to the nearest shipping-point in big wagons which hold from sixty to eighty crates of peaches. The railroads are now beginning to lay tracks to the big orchards. The Plant system has put in spurs at several places to obtain a share of this profitable business. The Georgia Southern Railroad has done the same along its line. The Central Railroad of Georgia has a spur track from Marshallsville into the heart of the orchard district.

The average time from the orchard to delivery in New York and Boston has been from seventy-two to ninety hours. Last season the railroads had a schedule of from fifty to fifty-six hours to these cities. The peaches are generally consigned to commission merchants in the various markets. The big dealers, who have been advised by wire as to when the car should arrive, make their plans for distributing the fruit. They first fill the orders of out-of-town dealers, and then they offer the remainder of the peaches at the best terms they can get to the local buyers.

Past experience demonstrated to Georgia fruit-growers the urgent necessity of combined action. For many years the crop was not properly marketed, nor was it rightly distributed. Thus one day too many car-loads of peaches would be shipped to New York, another day too many cars to Boston, and so on. The result was these markets became glutted day after day.

The Georgia Fruit-Growers Association was organized at Atlanta in July, 1895. The stated object is to effect a closer union of the fruit-growers and shippers, and to correct such errors and abuses as exist in the industry. About eighty per cent. of the fruit-growers in the State are members of the association. The leading officers are men who have had much experience in the raising and shipping of fruit, and they represent the different sections of the Georgia peach belt. The officers are—president, J. D. Cunningham, Marietta; secretary, J. A. Sibley, Tifton; and treasurer, W. O. Tift, Tifton.



DECORATIONS FOR THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE NEW CITY HALL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.
Designed by Otto Walter Beck.

PUBLIC ART IN CINCINNATI.

Ever since, some twenty years ago, Cincinnati began to call itself, partly by way of a joke, "the Paris of America," it has done a good deal towards justifying that title. Especially has the pleasant capital on the bank of the Ohio distinguished itself by the zeal and intelligence which, as a community, it has devoted to the advancement of the arts. In music, although the courageous experiment instituted by the calling of Theodore Thomas from New York was not so successful as it deserved to be, the city has always been in the front rank, and its festivals are still perhaps the most important national occasions in the development of musical culture. Its Museum of Art is prettily placed in a picturesque park that is one of the just boasts of the town. Though necessarily its collections yield in extent and costliness to those of larger and richer cities, it may be questioned whether the schools connected with any other museums have done as much as those of Cincinnati for education in industrial as well as in fine art. Certainly there is no more interesting institution of its kind in the United States.

All these things testify to the intelligent interest of the community in matters of art. When a question arose of the decoration of the City Hall of such a municipality, we should expect it to be solved in an exemplary way. And that has, in fact, been the case. The Municipal Art Society of Cincinnati had not much money to spend by way of a beginning—only $2200, in fact—but the question was of spending it to the best advantage, by way of stimulating the public interest so as to get more. For this purpose it was determined to avoid the appearance of carrying local pride to the Pedlingtonian point. Accordingly, not only were designs invited from all American artists, but two of the three judges of the competition were chosen from outside. The local judge, Mr. Deveneck, is at the head of the department of painting in the schools connected with the museum, and to his energy and judgment are very largely due the remarkable results achieved in that department. Another judge, Mr. C. R. Lamb, of New York, was named by the Society of Mural Painters in New York, at the request of the Cincinnati committee. Mr. Steele, the third judge, is a resident of Indianapolis.

Such a composition of the jury was an assurance in advance of the fairness of the competition. That the first prize should have fallen to a Cincinnatian, Mr. Beck, of the Cincinnati Art Academy, is thus a more just subject of local pride than if the competition and jury had been more exclusively local. The second prize went to a Philadelphian, the first honorable mention to a Bostonian, and the second to a painter who is as much a Chicagoan as a Cincinnatian.

It was determined to confine the decoration, in the first instalment, to the main entrance of the City Hall, a vestibule some eighteen feet square, and not far, indeed, from the cube of that dimension. This is only a part of the artist's design. The ceiling is a concentric composition of eight allegorical figures of the arts and sciences. Our illustrations represent this ceiling and one of the four walls. The spandrels of its arch are occupied by the figures of Religion and Law, with the tables of the Decalogue between them. The panels below show groups illustrating various industries, with appropriate texts chosen from Scripture. The other walls are decorated in pursuance of the same scheme, the allegorical figures representing in one case the Family, and in the other Protection and Justice.

AMATEVR-SPORT

HOLMES FIELD, CAMBRIDGE—THE SCENE OF THE HARVARD-YALE BASEBALL GAME, JUNE 28, 1897.

The Harvard-Yale baseball series, which a signal Harvard victory (10–8), brought to a precipitate end on June 27, at New Haven, appropriately closed a season that in quality of play had failed to fulfil the promises of its earlier weeks. In point of fact, no college year within my recollection has been marked by such general loose play in the final games. The final Harvard-Princeton at New Haven was the only deciding game to show high-class ball, and the games next to approach that quality of performance were the first Yale-Princeton and two of the Yale-Brown series. On the other hand, no season has been characterized by such heavy hitting, or has produced so sensational a game as that first one of the Yale-Princeton series.

Excepting the last of the Princeton-Brown series and the second and third of the Yale-Princeton series, all the important games of the season have been interesting even if not first class in performance. So perhaps it was as well that all the nines contributed, on occasion, their share to the very long error column of '97 inter-collegiate baseball.

Between its last Princeton and first Harvard games the Yale team confined itself to practice work.

Harvard, however, meantime met Brown and Holy Cross, being defeated on both occasions, because the team could not bat out or rally when needful, although the in-fielding showed somewhat of an improvement on its usual unsteadiness. At Providence, against Brown, Paine was batted out of the box, and Fitz, the substitute, given a warm reception—Brown making a total of fifteen hits for thirteen runs, while Harvard got nine hits and seven runs.

Against Holy Cross Harvard fielded well, brilliantly at times, but was unable to get more than three hits off the opposing pitcher, Lennihan. Harvard scored twice in the third inning; Holy Cross scored once each in the fourth and fifth. Thus the score remained a tie until the ninth inning, when Holy Cross pounded out six hits and secured four runs.

Fitz, who was in the box for Harvard, was hit hard throughout the game, and but for sharp fielding Harvard would have been overwhelmed much earlier. Loughlin played a good game at second; he would undoubtedly have displaced Chandler at short stop had his batting been equal to his fielding. He is steadier in the field than either Dean or Chandler. Rand and Beale distinguished themselves in both games.

CORNELL'S THREE CREWS AT PRACTICE—'VARSITY IN FOREGROUND, FRESHMEN IN BACKGROUND.

Harvard's in-field work in the first Yale game at Cambridge was of that ragged quality to which we had become accustomed. To win any series with such a fickle in-field means that the battery and the out-field must have the majority of the chances. Dean and Chandler do not miss many opportunities of making errors. Stevenson's "on" days are as good as his "off" days are miserable. Yale fielded better, as a whole, but poorly too, even such usually faultless fielders as Keator and Letton being among the offenders. With the exception of a bad fumble, which let in a run in the eighth inning, Keator's general play was one of the few praiseworthy features of Yale's game. Letton missed an easy pop fly. Harvard's batting and Paine's pitching managed to overbalance the loose work of the in-field. Paine struck out eleven men, and Harvard made three more hits than Yale.

Only one run was earned, and that by Yale. Hecker did not do so well against Harvard as against Princeton, but Captain Keator was wise on this occasion, and after the third inning put in Fincke, who, although beginning poorly, immediately settled. He was hit rather freely and struck out only two men, nevertheless he kept his head and gave but one man first base on balls. Harvard ran the bases better than Yale, and but for the miserable error-making of her in-field would have won by 7 to 2 instead of 7 to 5. She scored once in the second inning, three times in the third, twice in the seventh, and once in the eighth. Yale made one run in the third, and, aided by Harvard's errors, three in the fourth, tying the score; her other run she earned in the ninth through Letton's single and Greenway's two-bagger.

Harvard deserved little commendation for her victory, under the circumstances. She did not play good ball, but was superior enough to pull out by a slight margin, her errors being less costly and her hits more timely. The Harvard battery really accounted for the difference in the score, Paine pitching a heady and able game. Yale looked the crippled team she was through Greenway's forced retirement from the box. She had hard fielding luck, her errors being very costly; but there was lacking that confident and aggressive swing to her work which in other years has overcome seemingly stronger teams. There was none of that rising to the occasion so noticeable in Yale's first two games against Brown, and in her first with Princeton. The first Harvard-Yale game, although not so poor an exhibition of baseball as the Yale-Princeton, was yet very poor.

The mere fact of a victory over Yale is an emphatic athletic stimulus at Harvard. There was ample evidence of its subtle influence in the work of the Harvard nine against Yale in the second and, as it proved, last game, June 27. Harvard's game was not faultless by five large and expensive errors, but there was a perfectly apparent confidence in the outcome. Not an over-confidence, but enough to save the men from confusion while the result hung in the balance. There were not the usual signs of Harvard panic during a Yale rally. And the exhibition was the more exceptional for being on the Yale field.

Harvard, before this year, has not won a baseball series from Yale since '93, and had not won a game at New Haven since '86, when the score was 10–9 in her favor. Therefore the crimson has good cause for happiness over the capture of the '97 Yale series. But in truth and in fairness it should be recorded that Yale's misfortune in losing her regular and only first-class pitcher partially, if indeed not wholly, accounted for Harvard's success. How much Yale's effectiveness was lessened through Greenway's retirement from the box may be readily learned by a comparison of the nine's showing in the first two Brown and first Princeton, with the third Brown, the last two Princeton, and the Harvard games. Greenway could hardly have saved the Princeton series, but it is exceedingly doubtful if Harvard could repeat her success with Yale's only dependable pitcher in the box. However, these are the fortunes of war. Harvard is fully entitled to the glory of her triumph, though I confess to wishing the games that gave her victory had been better played.

Despite its loose play, the second Harvard-Yale game was exceedingly entertaining. It was, in fact, one of those games that happen now and then in which interest is sustained throughout, even though the error-making is largely responsible for the scoring. Of Harvard's ten runs only one was earned, while of Yale's eight, three were batted in.

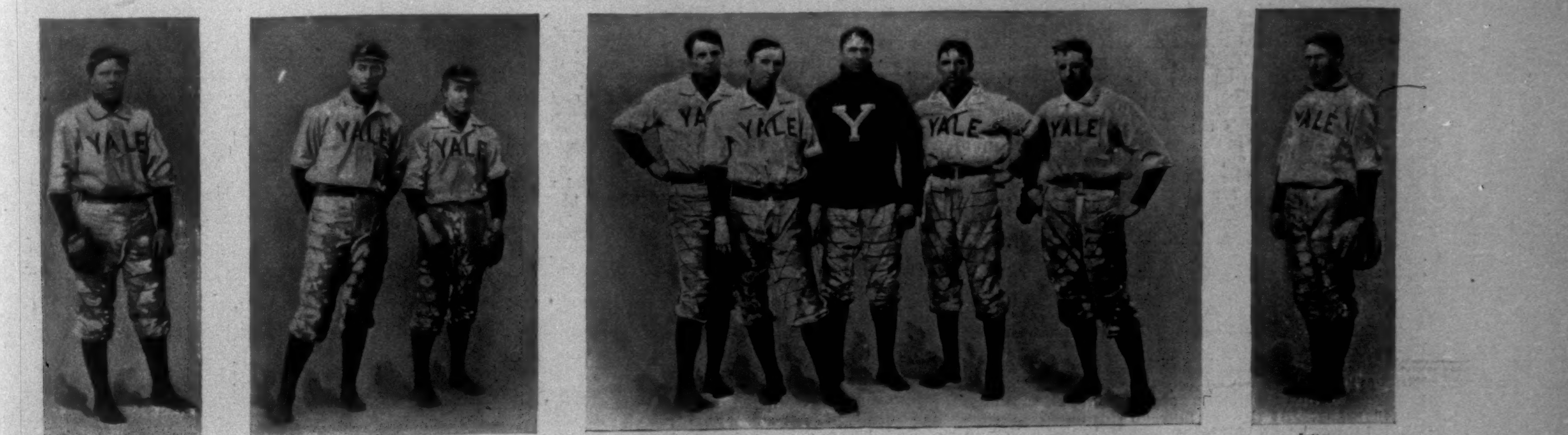
It was, on several accounts, rather a remarkable game. Yale's total of nine hits was made by four men—Keator, Letton, Greenway, and Camp—Keator, two and a scratch; Letton, one; Greenway, three; and Camp, two. Keator's and Letton's were singles; Camp's, a single and a two-bagger; Greenway, a single, one home-run that was earned, and one two-bagger, that developed into a home-run because Harvard's short stop muffed the left-fielder's throw-in. Greenway (three), Letton (three), and Keator (two) contributed Yale's eight runs.

Harvard was quite as notable in failure as Yale was in success at the bat. Only two men—Rand and Burgess—secured singles off Fincke's delivery, not because the others could not hit him, but by reason of Harvard's fatal tendency to put everything into the air.

Fincke in reality struck out one man—Stevenson; yet in the face of his curves being easily solved, and his giving nine Harvard men first base (seven on balls and two hit), he kept his head and played altogether an exceptional game (notwithstanding his two errors) for a man who, with no pretensions to pitching skill, was yet put into the breach at the eleventh hour.

Harvard did not give the Yale fielders but one or two difficult chances, most of them being high flies taken with little running. Greenway failed on his one hard chance, and Keator muffed, after a long run, a ball that took him out of his own territory into Greenway's. Wallace at right had but a single chance, which he accepted successfully. Camp had less to do than he usually has, few grounders or short flies going off the Harvard bats, but he handled quickly and neatly what went his way, and caught Beale at the plate cleverly in the third inning. Goodwin has had a trying time of it, sure enough. He is not a high-class catcher, but some of his work is very clever—as, for instance, his catching Haughton's high foul after a hard run—and some of it mediocre.

The feature of Harvard's game was her weak batting, which, although never so heavy as Princeton's or Brown's, nor so certain to eventuate as Yale's, has seen



Hecker, Sub. Pitcher.

Fincke, Third Base and Pitcher.

Camp, Short Stop.

Fearey, L. F. and Sub. P.

Keator, Capt. and C. F.

Greenway, L. F. and P.

Wallace, Right Field.

Hazen, Second Base.

Letton, First Base.

THE YALE BASEBALL NINE.

many more fruitful days than June 27. The work of the battery, Paine and Scannell, made success possible at New Haven, as it had at Cambridge. Until the fifth inning Paine kept Yale's skilful batters from bunching their hits, and, except in the seventh, pitched a strong game from first to last. Scannell supported him well, and at all times had a steadying influence on the team. Haughton was very much more prominent (unpleasantly so) on the coaching lines than in the game. In six times at the bat he reached first but once, and then on a fielder's error, while his own error gave a life that Paine's good work kept from resulting in a run. Dean and Chandler each made his usual error, dividing responsibility for two runs; but Dean made one of the prettiest pick-ups of the day when, in the fifth inning, he fielded to first Hazen's hot grounder that would have been good for two bases at least. Stevenson made a miserable throw to first after a beautiful stop—an absolutely characteristic performance—and attained the further distinction of being the one man Fincke struck out.

Rand was Harvard's most brilliant fielder. After hard running he caught two difficult flies that would have meant scoring for Yale, and made a notable and very nearly successful attempt for another that was practically impossible. He had also the honor of scoring a run in the first inning—something Harvard had never done before at New Haven.

The game began with Harvard at the bat, and the first man up going to first on balls, stealing second, and being advanced and brought home by Haughton and Beale's outs to deep centre and right. Three errors, a man hit by a pitched ball, and Burgess's single gave Harvard three more runs in the second. More errors, two men sent to first on balls, and Rand's single combined to give Harvard four runs in the fourth inning, bringing her score up to a total of eight. Meantime Greenway had batted out a home-run in the second inning, and in the fourth Greenway's two-bagger, which Chandler's wretched fielding increased to a home-run, Camp's two-bagger, and Dean's error united in giving Yale two runs. In the fifth Harvard did not score, but Keator, Letton, and Greenway hammered out a single each in succession, with a net result of two runs. Again Harvard failed to score in the sixth and seventh, the batters going out in one, two, three order on high balls.

Yale could not score in the sixth, but in the seventh Paine lost control of the ball long enough to give two men in succession first base, and Camp repeated his performance of the first Yale-Princeton game by tying the score with a single, which brought in Greenway. Harvard's eighth inning opened with Burgess getting first on balls, and being advanced to second when Dean was hit by a pitched ball. Chandler reached first on a close decision. On Chandler's attempt to steal second, Goodwin sent the ball to Hazen, who threw wildly to third-base man, who muffed, and Burgess went home, and Chandler got third. Paine made a heady play by sending a fly to deep centre, and Chandler beat the throw in, and the score stood 10 to 8 in Harvard's favor.

Paine pulled himself together, and Yale could do no more scoring in either the eighth or ninth, and the game ended with Harvard the lucky winner by the score of 10–8.

By far the most pleasing feature of the game was the sportsmanly disposition of the spectators and the players. The game was closely and warmly contested, and the occupants of the bleacheries intensely interested, but their attitude towards the visitors remained, as it should always, generous and gentlemanly. Harvard cheered Yale, and Yale cheered Harvard, and those of us who note these evidences of wholesome manly sport cheered for both.

This department exhorts college baseball men against playing on resort, hotel, or such other kindred aggregations known as "summer nines."

Most of the universities have rules denying representation on 'varsity teams to men who have played on these nines. Friends of wholesome amateur sport are united in advising similar rules for all colleges.

Summer nines may be classed generally as those at whose games gate-money is charged; the college man who plays on one such forfeits the privilege of thereafter representing his college in athletics.

Every college man who plays on a "summer nine" this season will be so regarded by this Department.

The All-America University baseball nine will be chosen next week.

Such a Freshman crew as that which won the two miles last week from Harvard and Cornell, Yale has not had since that other famous Freshman eight—in '93, I think it was. Nor has any other university had such a Freshman crew meantime. An average weight of 171 pounds at an average height of 5.11½ is more like 'varsity than Freshman figures. Yale's victory was no surprise to those who had seen the crew at New London. They pulled a clean stroke, and pulled it hard from the time the blades went into the water. Their reach was a bit longer than Harvard's (too long, in fact), but the swing back not so extreme. Their recover was perceptibly smoother. Had their rowing form been only so good as that of either of the other crews—Yale's superior strength would have pulled them to victory in two miles. The power they put into their stroke was apparent by the manner in which their boat at the mile forged ahead of Harvard's, although pulling the same number of strokes to the minute.

Harvard got the best start, catching the water first, and going ahead so rapidly that for a couple of minutes there was the appearance of a runaway race; after her ten racing strokes she settled to 36. Cornell was second to get started, probably two yards behind Harvard; while Yale had nearly a length the poorest start—Yale and Cornell rowing 36.

There was little change in position at the quarter, Harvard having drawn away slightly from Cornell. Yale was rowing steadily, apparently not worried, and splashing less than any. At the half-mile, all rowing 34, Harvard still led Cornell by a half-length, and Yale had pulled up to nearly even terms with Cornell. At three-quarters Yale had caught Harvard, both rowing 34, and Cornell, rowing 35, was half a length behind. Cornell made a spurt just before the mile, and the crews passed under the railroad bridge with Yale, rowing 34, leading by a quarter, and Cornell doing 34, and leading Harvard a few feet. But Cornell did not hold the advantage. Harvard increased her stroke to 35, and although Cornell spurted several times and rowed pluckily, she seemed tired out, pulling a stroke shorter than that with which she started, and in somewhat of a hurried, panicky manner. At the one and a half mile Yale, rowing 32, had a good three-quarters length the best of Harvard, rowing 32, while Cornell, rowing 34, was as much behind Harvard.

The Yale boat began to leave Harvard rapidly from this point, and the latter made one last effort to keep the pace, causing a spurt from Cornell, who hung on closely, not allowing Harvard to get open water between them. Harvard was sticking to her work, and gamely, for the men were very tired. In the last eighth Yale raised her stroke two points, crossing the line about one and one-half lengths ahead of Harvard, who was about three quarters of a length ahead of Cornell. Time—Yale, 9 m. 19⅕ s.; Harvard, 9 m. 26⅕ s.; Cornell, 9 m. 29¼ s.—all beating the record of 9 m. 41 s. made by Columbia on the Thames, at New London, in '91. Yale sat up strongly after the finish. Several men in Harvard's boat collapsed. Cornell was evidently distressed, but sat up.

It was a magnificent race, pluckily fought out.

YALE FRESHMAN CREW.

Name.	Position.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Roswell M. Patterson	Bow	20	5 ft. 9½ in.	159
Harry P. Wickes	No. 2	18	5 " 10 "	158
John P. Brock (captain)	No. 3	17	5 " 11 "	184
Robert Flint	No. 4	21	5 " 11 "	170
John W. Cross	No. 5	19	6 "	179
Raymond M. McGee	No. 6	20	6 "	186
James Niedecken	No. 7	19	6 "	172
William Williams	Stroke	18	5 " 10 "	160
J. McLean Walton	Cox.	19	5 " 8½ "	113

Average weight of eight, 171 pounds.

Harvard averaged 163 pounds in weight; Cornell, 155. All averaged about nineteen years old.

The Pennsylvania-Columbia-Cornell races last week provided two more opportunities for practical comparison of the Courtney stroke with two other differing ones, which this year have been taught Columbia and Pennsylvania. On both occasions the superior smoothness and strength of the Courtney stroke were pronounced. But Columbia's stroke was a long way the best that university has had, certainly in recent years, and contains the elements, it seems to me, for turning out a fast crew. It is a stroke with a long reach and a good swing, though the extreme back swing of Harvard is avoided. This year neither of Columbia's crews got the full benefit of its stroke or its power. The stroke was not pulled through, and valuable time and propelling force were lost on the catch. To watch Cornell and Columbia in this one particular would be to receive an object-lesson which no intelligent man could ever forget, and to realize why Cornell's shell, driven by a lower rate of stroke, shot along faster through the water.

As for Pennsylvania—one can only speak in praise of the pluck of the men who sat in her two boats. They rowed, as they did last year, gamely.

But nothing can be said of the stroke they employed, except to express wonder that a man who has had as much rowing experience as their coach should not realize the impossibility of such a stroke as Pennsylvania pulled last year and this year winning against strokes based on the sound principles of eight-oared rowing.

Pennsylvania can never be represented by pluckier or physically stronger men than she was in '96 and '97. Had such men been taught a stroke that had substantial merit to commend it, they would have certainly beaten Harvard in both races last year, and the Columbia Freshmen this year.

Oar-jerking exhibitions may exploit ancient rowing theories, but they are not likely to attain enviable distinction in modern racing.

The Freshman race on Wednesday was one of the most beautifully contested of the many close and interesting Freshman struggles inter-collegiate rowing records. From the start to the finish there was no open water to be seen from the leading shell to the last one. It was also another exhibition of the power and smoothness of the Courtney stroke when properly rowed. Cornell from the first quarter-mile to the finish-line rowed from two to four points lower per minute than Columbia and Pennsylvania; yet she won, and after getting the poorest start too.

Cornell pulled a better race and in very different form against Pennsylvania and Columbia than against Harvard and Yale the week before. Courtney in the interval evidently had given them some imperative instructions. They did not exhibit any propensity to scramble for the lead on last Wednesday, or hit up their stroke at the cost of its length as they had the previous week. They got started last, but settled at once to a strong thirty-two stroke, which they never raised but a point, and at one time lowered a point. Their blade-work was cleaner than it had been, and no power or time was lost on the catch. For a crew that in no particular may be considered a remarkable one, they rowed a remarkably finished race.

Had Columbia got its oars into the water sharply on the catch, put on pressure instantly the blades were sunk, and rowed the stroke out, she would have made Cornell row harder to win. But she showed the same lack of fire on the catch so evident in Harvard's work. There was no biting the water as the blade went into it, and consequently the most important part of the stroke was neglected. Columbia lost the power of the long reach, as had Harvard in both her races.

Moreover, Columbia was greatly handicapped by a stroke oar who appeared to have no power after one and a half miles. Great praise is due her No. 7, who from that point really set the stroke for the boat.

Pennsylvania exhibited nothing but fire and pluck. She "jabbed" the water with a fury and persistence that expended energy and strength rapidly, and sent spray high into the air. She got plenty of "bite" in her stroke. In fact the "bite" was practically the stroke's beginning and ending. She rowed from one to two points higher than Columbia and from two to four points higher than Cornell throughout the race.

Pennsylvania got the best start, with Columbia second and Cornell last, and at the quarter mile Pennsylvania led by about two yards, while Columbia had three yards on Cornell. Cornell was rowing in the best form, pulling thirty-two long powerful strokes. Columbia was next best in form, and rowing thirty-four. Pennsylvania was pulling thirty-five and thirty-six splashy, jerky strokes. At the half Pennsylvania had increased her lead to half a length, and Cornell had caught Columbia. At the three-quarter mile Columbia had caught Pennsylvania, and by the time the mile was reached Cornell led by nearly a half-length, and Columbia and Pennsylvania were even. Meantime Cornell had stuck to thirty-two strokes until reaching the one mile, where she went one point lower. Columbia had held to thirty-three and thirty-four, and Pennsylvania to thirty-three and thirty-five.

Columbia spurted at one and one-quarter miles and took a lead on Pennsylvania, which at the one and one-half miles was a half boat length, while Cornell led Columbia by a short length.

At about that point Columbia's stroke-oar seemed to waver, and was a passenger thereafter; but No. 7 carried the stroke back nicely, and the crew, because of his steady work, did not become demoralized, as might easily have been the result under the circumstances. Pennsylvania, seeing Columbia's mishap, spurted, and nearly pulled up even; but Columbia braced, and both raced down on Cornell, who, by putting a little more power into the stroke, maintained her lead, and crossed the line about one length ahead of Columbia, who beat Pennsylvania by three-quarters of a length. Time—Cornell, 9 m. 21⅕ s.; Columbia, 9 m. 22⅗ s.; Pennsylvania, 9 m. 23⅕ s.

CORNELL FRESHMAN CREW.

Name.	Position.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
P. Will	Bow	19	5 ft. 10 in.	165
C. B. Smallwood	No. 2	22	5 " 10 "	165
P. B. Windsor	No. 3	19	5 " 10½ "	155
R. H. Gamwell	No. 4	18	5 " 9 "	154
L. F. Hanner	No. 5	23	5 " 10½ "	161
C. W. Colt (captain)	No. 6	20	6 "	155
A. R. Ayers	No. 7	18	5 " 9 "	140
J. W. Ihlder	Stroke	20	5 " 9 "	146
E. T. Magoffin	Cox.	24	5 " 5 "	110

Average weight of eight, 154⅜ pounds; average age, 19½ years.

Average weight of Columbia, 157⅛ pounds; average age, nineteen years. Average weight of Pennsylvania, 155⅛ pounds; average age, eighteen years.

Of the Pennsylvania-Columbia-Cornell 'varsity race on Friday there is very little to say. Cornell won easily by ten lengths from Columbia, and Pennsylvania's execrable rowing so filled their shell with water that they swamped at about the two-and-a-quarter-mile mark.

The water, although not such as could be called rough, had a great deal more life than in any previous race this year, and there was a somewhat stiffish head wind. These were conditions under which Cornell, being the lightest crew, were at a disadvantage, as compared with the greater weight and alleged strength in the other boats. Cornell also had the roughest water. But it made no difference in their form. Columbia, who had the smoothest water, rowed in good form, with clean watermanship, and finished strong. There was not a break in the boat until No. 6 evidently lost his head, and certainly his form, in the last three-quarter mile.

But at all times in the race it was perfectly apparent that Columbia was not getting the most out of her stroke. The catch was not sharp, and the blades appeared to float out at the end of the stroke instead of being pulled through. The bodies swung far enough, but the blades were not doing any appreciable work for much more than half the time they were in the water. A sharper catch and the blades pulled all the way through will give Columbia a good stroke.

One cannot discuss Pennsylvania's rowing without adding bitterness to a cup which must already be overflowing. To be defeated is nothing; but to persistently cling to the principles of rowing which have long since been discarded for eight-oared work, and to therefore ignominiously swamp half-way because the men could not row well enough to keep their shell afloat, is to suffer humiliation indeed. Perhaps Pennsylvania will now learn the lesson she ignored last year because the sheer pluck and strength of her crew nearly overcame the better rowing of another crew which was not so bountifully supplied with strength and pluck.

Pennsylvania caught the water first, Columbia making a slightly better start than Cornell. For a minute Pennsylvania's shell kept shooting to the front, then it ceased gaining, and shortly lost its slight lead. Columbia was pulling thirty-two to Pennsylvania's thirty-four strokes, while Cornell started at thirty, and never raised until the last mile, when she increased to thirty-one and thirty-two.

At the quarter-mile Cornell had acquired a slight lead, and never lost it, gradually widening out the space between her shell and Columbia's until it was ten lengths at the finish. Columbia and Pennsylvania were on even terms at the half-mile and the three-quarters; at the mile Columbia had half a length lead of Pennsylvania, which at the one and a half miles had been increased to a length. That Pennsylvania should have hung on so long was due to her strength, not to her rowing. There was a bad break between stroke and No. 7; the general time was very poor, and clouds of spray shot into the air at every stroke. The boat was filling and the coxswain sinking, and at about two and a quarter miles Pennsylvania, having fallen hopelessly behind, stopped rowing.

Columbia went on her way, rowing smoothly from thirty-two to thirty-four strokes to the minute, but falling steadily to the rear of Cornell, rowing thirty.

Time—Cornell, 20 m. 47⅗ s.; Columbia, 21 m. 20⅘ s. Average weight and age—Cornell, 159 pounds; 21¼ years; Columbia, 171⅘ pounds; 21¼ years; Pennsylvania, 166 pounds; 19½ years.

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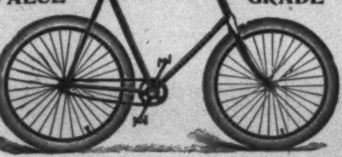

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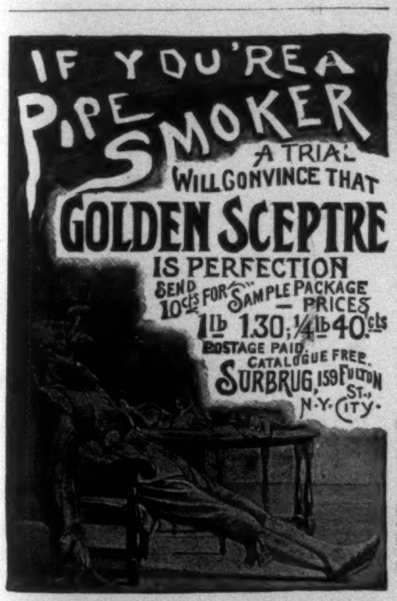

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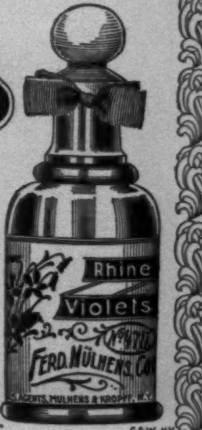

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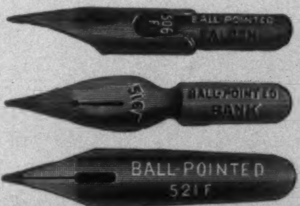

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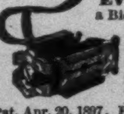

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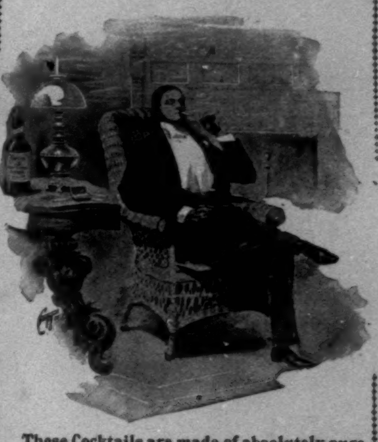

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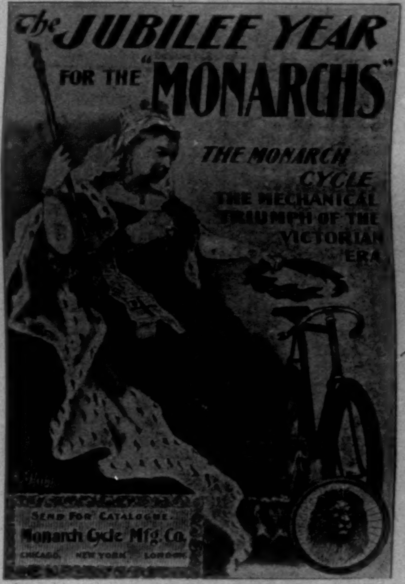

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